

The Critic

ELEVENTH YEAR. { VOL. XV. No. 386 } THE CRITIC, No. 483.
NEW SERIES { GOOD LITERATURE, No. 541.

NEW YORK, MAY 23, 1891.

THE CRITIC CO. { SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS
\$3 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY

FOR JUNE.

A NEW subject is taken up in the series on the Development of American Industries since Columbus, viz., *The Manufacture of Wool*, which is handled by the author, Mr. S. N. DEXTER NORTH, in a notably attractive manner. The present paper, like the rest of the series, is appropriately illustrated. Dr. ANDREW D. WHITE concludes his chapter on *Miracles and Medicine*, dealing with theological intolerance of Jewish and other physicians, inoculation, and anesthetics, changes of vogue in regard to saintly relics, the royal touch, etc. Under the title *Our Grandfathers Died too Young*, Mrs. H. M. PLUNKETT sketches the progress in sanitation which has doubled the average length of human life within a few hundred years, Lieutenant-Colonel A. B. ELLIS contributes an essay on *Survivals from Marriage by Capture*, describing a great number of curious customs. Some *Questions concerning the Minor Planets* are reviewed by F. F. TISSERAND. *The Natches Indians*, an ancient Mexican people that occupied the lower Mississippi country, are described by HOWARD A. GIDDINGS. There is a copiously illustrated article on *The Characteristics of Insects* by LOUIS MONTILLOT. A number of quaint medical prescriptions from an old book entitled 'The Pearl of Practice' are embodied in a paper by Miss ELIZABETH ROBINSON. Mons. A. DE L'APPARENT discourses on *The Future of the Dry Land*. There is a paper on *The Music of the Birds*, including hens, by the late S. P. CHENEY, with music. The life of the great astronomer, *Copernicus*, is sketched, with a PORTRAIT.

50 cents a number. \$5.00 a year.

Subscriptions are received by all newsdealers and book-sellers, or may be sent directly to the Publishers,

D. APPLETON & CO.,

1, 3 & 5 BOND STREET, - - - - - NEW YORK.

JUST PUBLISHED:

TOURMALIN'S TIME CHEQUES.

The first story in Appleton's Summer Series. By F. ANSTAY, author of 'Vice Versa,' 'The Giant's Robe,' etc. 16mo, half cloth with specially designed cover, 50 cents.

THE MAID OF HONOR.

By the Hon. LEWIS WINGFIELD. No. 72, Appleton's Town and Country Library. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

"The story is lively and exciting, has all the air of being based upon some actual story of crime, and will be read with unbroken interest."—*Graphic*.
"It may safely be said that up to the last page . . . the reader's attention is not allowed to flag."—*Athenaeum*.

LA GRIPPE

AND ITS TREATMENT. For General Readers. By CYRUS EDSON, M.D., of the Health Department, New York City. Small 18mo, parchment paper, 25 cents.

APPLETON'S DICTIONARY OF NEW YORK AND VICINITY..

Thirteenth Edition, with thirty-six pages of new matter.

An alphabetically arranged Index to all Places, Societies, Institutions, Amusements, and other features of the Metropolis and Neighborhood upon which information is needed by the Stranger or the Citizen. With Maps of New York and Vicinity. Paper cover, 30 cents; flexible cloth, 60 cents.

"Its continued popularity is not surprising when one considers the essential merit of the work and the extreme pains taken to keep it abreast of the times."—*Boston Beacon*.

"A slight examination . . . makes good the claim to annual revision. . . The Dictionary needs no fresh praise."—*New York Evening Post*.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED:

GEOLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS

On the Volcanic Islands and parts of South America visited during the Voyage of H. M. S. "Beagle."

By CHARLES DARWIN, M.A., F.R.S., etc., author of 'The Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs,' 'The Origin of Species,' etc. Third Edition. With Maps and Illustrations. 12mo, cloth, \$2.50.

ADELINE'S ART DICTIONARY.

Containing a Complete Index of all Terms used in Art, Architecture, Heraldry, and Archæology. Translated from the French and enlarged, with nearly 2,000 illustrations. 8vo, cloth, \$2.25.

"General utility is its leading characteristic. . . . The definitions are concise and sufficient to the point. . . . The Dictionary is strong in heraldry, architecture, and ceramics, and satisfactory in the résumé of the more important methods of engraving. It is well printed and handsomely bound."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"A thesaurus of knowledge in this field. Such a translation is welcome, and will be a great convenience to students."—*Hartford Courant*.

STORIES OF OLD NEW SPAIN.

(Including a new story written especially for this volume.) By THOMAS A. JANVIER, author of 'Color Studies,' 'The Aztec Treasure-House,' 'The Mexican Guide.' No. 71, Town and Country Library. 12mo. Cloth, with frontispiece, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

IN THE HEART OF THE STORM.

By MAXWELL GREY, author of 'The Silence of Dean Maitland' and 'The Reproach of Annesley.' No. 73, Town and Country Library. 12mo. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

For sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by mail, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,

D. APPLETON & CO.,

1, 3 AND 5 BOND STREET, NEW YORK.

EDUCATIONAL.

SCHERMERHORN'S TEACHERS' AGENCY.
Oldest and best known in U. S.
Established, 1855.
3 EAST 14TH STREET, N. Y.

CONNECTICUT.

Connecticut, Hartford.
WOODSIDE SEMINARY. Home and College preparatory for Girls.
Miss SARA J. SMITH, Principal.

Connecticut, Lyme.
BLACK HALL SCHOOL. A family and preparatory school for boys; highest references from parents and from members of the Yale Faculty.
CHAS. G. BARTLETT, A.M., Principal.

Connecticut, New Haven, 136 Sherman Ave.
THE ELDERAGE. FAMILY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES pleasantly located in the suburbs of the city. The MISSES BANGS, Principals.

Connecticut, New Haven, West End Institute.
MRS. CADY'S SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES. Institute Course of Study and College Preparatory Course. Admits to either Smith, Vassar, or Wellesley by certificate. Circulars. Early application necessary.

Connecticut, New Milford, Litchfield County.
INGLESIDE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.—Thorough instruction in English, French and German. Music and Art College preparatory Course. Boarding pupils, \$400. Second term begins Dec. 1st. Miss HELEN H. BLAKE, Principal.

Connecticut, Norwalk.
MISS BAIRD'S INSTITUTE. Forty-four miles from New York. A Home School for Girls and Young Ladies. Number of boarding pupils limited to twenty-four. Excellent advantages in Music, Art, and the Languages. Gymnasium. Pleasant grounds. Healthful location. Careful attention to Morals and Manners. Terms moderate. Send for circular.

Connecticut, Hillside, Norwalk.
MRS. MEAD'S SCHOOL for Girls and Young Ladies re-opens October 2, 1890. College Preparatory Department fits for any College. Complete course in Literature, Languages, and Art. Special Musical Department. Beautiful location. Application should be made early.

Connecticut, Wallingford.
ROSEMARY HALL.—BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES. Academic and preparatory courses. Principals—Miss LANSING and Miss RUTZ REES. Easter Term begins January 5th, 1891. For Catalogue address Rosemary Hall.

Connecticut, Litchfield Co., Washington.
THE GUNNERY. A Family School for thirty (30) Boys.
J. C. BRINSMADE, Principal.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Massachusetts, Springfield.
HOME AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. "THE ELMS." Miss PORTER, Principal. Certificate admits to Vassar, Wellesley, and Smith. Quincy Method for Children.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

New Hampshire, Hanover.
CHANDLER SCHOOL OF SCIENCE AND THE ARTS. Hanover, N. H. Address the President, or Prof. E. R. RUGGLES.

NEW JERSEY.

New Jersey, Deckertown, Sussex Co.
SEELEY'S HOME SCHOOL FOR BOYS. Limited to twenty. Home training. Thorough instruction.
W. H. SEELEY, A.M., Principal.

New Jersey, Hoboken.
STEVENS SCHOOL. The Academic Department of the Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, N. J. Re-opens, Sept. 17, 1890. Pupils prepared for Schools of Science and Colleges. Preparatory Class \$75 per annum. All other Classes \$150 per annum.

New Jersey, New Brunswick.
RUTGERS COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL. Boarding School for Boys and Young Men. Prepares for the best Colleges, Scientific Schools or Business.
E. H. COOK, A.M., Ph.D., Head Master

New Jersey, Bridgeton.
SOUTH JERSEY INSTITUTE. 21st year begins Sept. 17th, 1890. Both sexes. Prepares for any College, Teaching, or Business. French, German, Music, Art, Military Drill. H. K. TRASK, Prin.

EDUCATIONAL.

NEW YORK.

New York, Albany.
ST. AGNES SCHOOL, ALBANY, N. Y. Under the direction of Bishop Doane. 21st year. Full courses of study from Kindergarten through Harvard Course for Women. 34 instructors. Tuition \$400 a year. For catalogue address St. Agnes School.

New York, Aurora, Cayuga Lake.
WELLS COLLEGE, FOR WOMEN. Three Full Courses of Study. Location beautiful and healthful. A refined Christian Home. New Building with modern improvements. Session begins Sept. 16, 1891. Send for Catalogue.
E. S. FRISWELL, D.D., President.

New York, Brooklyn, 140-142 Columbia Height.
THE MISSES ELY'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

New York, Buffalo, 284 Delaware Ave.
BUFFALO SEMINARY. The fortieth year begins September 17. For circulars, address Mrs. C. F. HARTY.

New York, Kingston-on-Hudson.
GOLDEN HILL SCHOOL. A preparatory school for boys. Sixth year begins September 24. \$450 per annum. JOHN M. CROSS, A.M., Principal.

New York, Newburgh.
THE MISSES MACKIE'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. The twenty-fifth year will begin September 25, 1890.

New York City, 525 Park Ave., cor. of 61st St.
ACADEMIC CLASSES FOR GIRLS. Open Oct. 1st. Preparation for the Harvard examination, and all Colleges for women. Daily instruction and practice in Delsarte Gymnastics. LOIS A. BANGS and MARY B. WHITON, A.B.

AERICAN ACADEMY OF THE DRAMATIC ARTS. Lyceum Theatre Building, N. Y. City. F. H. SARGENT, Director. The next term commences Oct. 26th, 1891. Apply to E. P. STEPHENSON, Business Manager.

New York City, 624 Madison Ave., near 59th St.
THE BENTLEY SCHOOL FOR BOYS. Re-opens, at above address, October 1st, 1890. WILLIAM JONES, A.B. (Harvard), Principal. After Sept. 20th the principal will be at the school each day from 11 till 1.

New York City, 55 West 47th Street.
MISS GIBBONS'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS will reopen October 1. Three boarding pupils will be received into the family.

New York City, 63 Fifth Avenue.
THE MISSES GRAHAM. (Successors to the Misses Green.) Established in 1816. This school continues the careful training and thorough instruction in every department, for which it has hitherto been so favorably known.

New York City, 52 West 56th Street.
THE PARK COLLEGIATE SCHOOL. (boys). removed to 52 West 56th St., reopens Sept. 23. Parents invited to inspect the school rooms.
ELMER E. PHILLIPS, A.M., Principal.

New York City, 4 East 58th St.
MRS. SALISBURY'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Facing Central Park. Re-opens October 1.

New York City, 113 W. 71st St.
WEST END SCHOOL. Collegiate, Junior, and Primary Departments, and Military Drill and Gymnasium.
CHESTER DONALDSON, A.M., Principal.

New York, Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson.
MISS BULKLEY'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS will re-open Wednesday, Sept. 17th.

Professors Wanted

For the following positions:—2 of Chemistry, \$1,500 and \$2,000; 2 of Physics, \$1,500 each; 3 of Mathematics, \$700 to \$1,200; 3 of Geology, \$500 to \$1,500; 3 of Latin, \$800 to \$1,400; 1 of English, \$1,200; 7 music directors, \$800 to \$1,500; 5 native teachers (ladies) of French for Eastern Academies, \$500 to \$700.

Address, C. J. ALBERT, Elmhurst, Ill.

For other School advertisements see advertising page iv.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE,

JUNE, 1891.

Peter Ibbetson.

A Novel. By GEORGE DU MAURIER. Part First. With 14 illustrations by the Author. This story, Mr. du Maurier's first venture in the field of fiction, is one of peculiar psychological interest, involving many strange circumstances connected with dream-life. The illustrations are drawn by the author in his well-known and inimitable manner.

Up the River Parana.

By THEODORE CHILD. Illustrations and map. The ninth instalment of Mr. Child's series of papers on South America.

Town and Village Government.

By HENRY LOOMIS NELSON. Shows the practical advantages of placing the local affairs of each community entirely under the control of a popular primary assembly or town meeting.

Some American Riders.

By Colonel THEODORE AYRAULT DODGE, U.S.A. Second Paper. Illustrated from paintings by FREDERIC REMINGTON.

The Warwickshire Avon.

By A. T. QUILLER COUCH. Second Paper. 28 illustrations drawn by ALFRED PARSONS.

The Technique of Rest.

By ANNA C. BRACKETT. A practical paper of especial interest and value to busy workers who feel that the amount of nervous force at their disposal is in danger of being overtaxed.

The Royal Chateaux of the Loire.

By LOUIS FRECHETTE. With 9 illustrations.

The Failure of David Berry.

A Story. By SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

London—After the Romans.

By WALTER BESANT. The story of the fall of Augusta, or Roman London. An ingenious and satisfactory solution of a question upon which history has shed but little light.

In the "Stranger People's" Country.

A Story. By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK. Part Sixth. Illustrated by W. T. SMEDLEY.

Wessex Folk.

By THOMAS HARDY. Part Fourth. Illustrated by CHARLES GREEN.

Poems.

By WILL CARLETON, LOUISE C. MOULTON, ELIZABETH STODDARD, and GEORGE HORTON.

The Editorial Departments

Conducted, as usual, by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, and CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y.

WE PUBLISH TO-DAY:

A novel that will give rare pleasure to cultivated readers,—a singularly pure, natural story of modern life, showing unique social conditions. It is written with surprising facility and freshness, and exhibits a new, strange force and originality that is most fascinating.

THE RECTOR OF ST. LUKE'S.
By MARIE BERNHARD, translated by ELISE L. LATHROP. With beautiful photogravures. 1 vol. 12mo, half Rox., \$1.25; paper, 75 cents.

WORTHINGTON CO., 717 Broadway, New York.

THE NATIONAL TEACHERS' BUREAU
Supplies Colleges, Schools and Academies with first-class Instructors for all grades or work. Careful attention will be given to all inquiries. Address
HAROLD C. COOK, Manager,
100 Bible House, New York.

The Critic

Published Weekly, at 52 Lafayette Place, New York, by

THE CRITIC COMPANY.

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, MAY 23, 1891.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, at The Critic Office, 52 Lafayette Place. Also, by Charles Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Brentano's, and the principal newsdealers in New York. Boston: Damrell & Upham (Old Corner Bookstore). Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Chicago: Brentano's. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, 5 Carondelet Street. Denver, Col.: C. Smith & Son. London: B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square; and American Newspaper Agency, 15 King William Street, Strand, W. C. Paris: Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra. Rome: Office of the Nuova Antologia.

Literature

"A Publisher and his Friends"

THE INTIMACY existing between literature and publishing has never, perhaps, been so clearly brought out as in this interesting memoir of one of the greatest of English publishers. The professions have always been vitally connected, and at the glorious start Caxton and Aldus illustrated both sides of it, the literary and the mechanical. Yet in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries we find a gradual dissolution of the cordial ties once existing, and Grub Street and Paternoster Row barely spoke to each other. A reversal of this lamentable brutality between author and publisher is largely due to the honorable course of the house of Murray, which has now been in existence nearly five generations, and which began in 1768 the distinguished career of which this memoir gives a record. The story of this house embraces the story of the latter eighteenth century, of Dr. Johnson, Langhorne, Cartwright, no less than that of John Murray the Second, the intimate friend and correspondent of Scott, Byron, Canning, the Disraelis, Campbell, Crabbe, Hallam, Croker, Milman, Irving, Madame de Staël, Tom Moore, Gifford, Lockhart, Fanny Kemble, and all the lights and luminaries freckling the heavens between the French Revolution of 1789 and the Revolution of 1849. Opening these crowded volumes is like feeling the breath and perfume of innumerable presences famous in English literature breathing upon one: artists, poets, philosophers, historians emerge in transient but vivid resurrection from beneath the uplifted tombstone, and the reader communes with the contributors to the old *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, listens to the gossip of Holland House and Jeffrey's drawing-room, hears the contemptuous criticism on Byron, Shelley, and Keats, and catches glimpses of countless celebrities now celebrated no more.

Each and all of these write confidentially to 'Dear Mr. Murray,' and from each is elicited some spark, some anecdote, some snarl or smile, some sarcasm or epigram. Here is Fanny Kemble patted on the head by Milman for writing a tragedy at seventeen, and Caroline Norton trying in vain to get her things published by the lordly John, and Mrs. Somerville dashing off *Mécanique Céleste* and *Calculus* as if they were mere fun; and Constable and the Ballantynes 'wire-working' over Sir Walter, and Blackwood gathering strength for his Magazine, and the stately company of the Waverley Novels marching forth from their Scottish hiding-place with inexhaustible tramp—tramp. The early nineteenth century is all alive again; and Murray's drawing-rooms gather all the intellect, wit, and beauty of the day at 50 Albemarle Street. Scott, Campbell, Moore, Hogg write begging letters and are supplied with funds. Byron is treated with wonderful liberality and sends in poem after poem; and tragedy, lament, and prophecy follow each other through Murray's presses with astonishing rapidity. Murray's own admirable letters to all these people show his rare intellect and rarer heart in the best of lights, a prince

among publishers no less than the publisher of princes (the 'Anak of publishers,' Byron called him). A man of excellent birth and fine literary culture himself, he could sympathize with his illustrious correspondents, and knew a good thing when he saw it. Writers reveal themselves with singular candor to their publishers; hence the charm of these varied letters, which Dr. Smiles has so skilfully strung together and allowed to tell their own graphic and entrancing tale. We see Moore in debt, Lady Caroline Lamb coquetting, Frere in jubilant spirits, Disraeli the elder sparkling with epistolary talent, Thomas Campbell plodding over the 'British Poets,' Coleridge offering to translate 'Faust' (unfortunately declined by Murray), 'Waverley' and 'Childe Harold' rejected by publishers, Gifford 'finicking' over this and that, and 'the Cockney School of Poetry' bristling with indignation over Wilson's and Lockhart's sneers. The Memoir is a jar of unsealed Falernian out of which winged sprites rise in abundance and refresh one's knowledge of a most dramatic period of English intellectual life. Few publishers have had such opportunities as the second of the (now) five Murrays, and few have done the world such a favor as his executors in admitting the world to the treasures of his portfolios. A catalogue of the books published by him includes nearly all that is noteworthy between 1800 and 1843, while he in his own person began the series of remarkable 'Murray's Guidebooks,' the first three of which he wrote himself. His honorable conduct in burning the indecent Memoirs of Lord Byron (which were his own property, and not Moore's), because their publication would have grieved Byron's family, cannot be too highly commended as an act of heroism almost unparalleled in the mercantile world, for by it he lost 2000*l.* (afterwards reimbursed); but it is only of a piece with his princely generosity to Scott, Miss Austen, and many others whom he assisted with money and advice.

It is difficult to select from such a mass of good things plums of particular sweetness; nearly every letter or page in these 1000 octavo pages is strewn with sparkles of intellectual mica that might be held up to the light. Perhaps our readers, however, are more interested in Byron and Scott than in the lesser luminaries, and about them our quotations will revolve.

Mr. Murray had long desired to make Lord Byron's acquaintance, and now that Mr. Dallas had arranged with him for the publication of the first two cantos of 'Childe Harold' [which had been rejected by Miller], he had many opportunities of seeing Byron at his place of business. The first time that he saw him was when he called one day with Mr. Hobhouse in Fleet Street. He afterwards looked in from time to time, while the sheets were passing through the press, fresh from the fencing rooms of Angelo and Jackson, and used to amuse himself by renewing his practice of 'Carte et Tierce,' with his walking-cane directed against the book-shelves, while Murray was reading passages from the poem, with occasional ejaculations of admiration, in which Byron would say, 'You think that a good idea, do you, Murray?' Then he would fence and lunge with his walking-stick at some special book which he picked out on the shelves before him. As Murray afterwards said, 'I was often very glad to get rid of him.' (Page 207.)

Enormous sums were paid by Murray for the succeeding cantos of 'Childe Harold,' for 'The Giaour,' 'Corsair,' 'Bride of Abydos,' 'Siege of Corinth,' 'Lara,' 'Parisina,' 'Prisoner of Chillon,' and the rest, as they came glowing volcanically from the poet's brain. When it came to 'Don Juan,' however, Murray cried halt, and expostulated unavailingly with the stormy poet. When 'The Corsair' appeared in 1814, Murray wrote to Byron:—'I have been unwilling to write until I had something to say, an occasion to which I do not always restrict myself. I am most happy to tell you that your last poem is—what Mr. Southey's is called—a *Carmen Triumphale*. Never, in my recollection, has any work, since the "Letter of Burke to the Duke of Bedford," excited such a ferment." (Page 223.)

A year before, 'Scott was looking into an old writing-desk [now owned by John Murray, Junior] in search of some fishing-tackle, when his eye chanced to light upon the Ash-

* Memoir and Correspondence of the late John Murray. With an Account of the Origin and Progress of the House: 1768-1843. Ed. by S. Smiles. 2 vols. 8s. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

estiel fragment of "Waverley" begun several years before. He read over the introductory chapters, and then determined to finish the story. It is said that he first offered it anonymously to Sir R. Phillips, London, who refused to publish it. "Waverley" was afterwards accepted by Constable and Company, and published on half profits. . . . When it came out, Murray got an early copy of the novel; he read it, and sent it to Mr. Canning, and wrote upon the title-page, "By Walter Scott." (Page 243.)

In September, 1814, Murray called on Byron, who said:—"Can you keep a secret?" "Certainly—positively—my wife's out of town!" "Then—I am going to be MARRIED!" "The devil! I shall have no poem this winter then?" "No!" "Who is the lady who is to do me this injury?" "Miss Milbanke." (Page 251.)

And thus these letters flow on, with their infinite variety of literary reminiscence, quarrels of authors, calamities of publishers, dinners to celebrities, arrangements for publishing novels, poems, and histories long since classic, down to the times when Macaulay began his immortal contributions to *The Edinburgh*, and Gladstone published his first book, and Lockhart succeeded Gifford as editor of *The Quarterly*. Sooner or later nearly all the notabilities fall out and have delicious epistolary passages-at-arms; but these spice the book with a piquancy incomparable, and one reads on to satiety. What delightful things John Murray III. must have in store for us,—and John Murray IV.! There is a dramatic gap between 1843 and 1891, which a later generation may be allowed to fill up; and the material lies dormant for the time in the autograph collection of the Murrys.

Sully's "Pessimism"*

THE FIRST EDITION of this book was published nearly fourteen years ago, and has ever since been the standard work on the subject in the English language. The new edition contains no essential changes except the addition of a new preface in which the author takes note of the latest aspects of his theme and the latest works relating to it. The book itself is so well known to those interested in its subject that we need not spend much time on an analysis of it. It opens with an historical sketch of pessimism from its origin among the Buddhists to the present day, special attention being devoted to the teachings of Schopenhauer and his successors. The remaining and larger portion of the book is devoted to a criticism of pessimism with the object of ascertaining how much of truth or of falsehood it may contain.

Mr. Sully shows, as it seems to us, altogether too much respect for the doctrine and for its leading expounders, and he seems to have been at one time strongly impressed by the arguments in its favor. Before entering on a criticism of the doctrine it is necessary to define both pessimism and the opposite term, optimism, and Mr. Sully's definitions are as follows:—"By optimism and pessimism we must mean, therefore, the hypothesis that the world is on the whole good, or conducive to happiness, and so better than non-existence; and that the world is on the whole bad, or productive of misery, and so worse than non-existence." His own doctrine is that, although the past life of humanity may have been unhappy, there are better things in store for us in the future: this is his definition of meliorism. In discussing the questions at issue, Mr. Sully examines the leading arguments that have been advanced on either side, and examines the various sources of happiness and of misery in order to ascertain on which side the balance lies. The discussion is marked by considerable ability, and yet it leaves something to be desired. In the last chapter the author inquires into the sources of pessimism, especially at the present day. He notes the fact that some men are by nature cheerful and others despondent, and that the former

are likely to be optimistic, the latter pessimistic. Personal disappointment and a captious, fault-finding disposition are very liable to lead to pessimism. In recent times the unsettlement of traditional beliefs and the widespread social discontent have contributed to the growth of pessimistic views. In the preface to the new edition Mr. Sully notes in the most recent years a tendency away from pessimism, even in Germany, where it has been the most popular; and he believes that this tendency will increase with the progress of time.

Prof. Sumner's "Alexander Hamilton"*

THIS IS a model short history for popular reading of a statesman's life. The plan of the series limits it to the part that Hamilton took in the formation of the Government and the shaping of its destiny. It is written with remarkable conciseness, simplicity and clearness, and with Professor Sumner's characteristic directness of statement and freedom from cant and popular conventions. The argument of the book is briefly this:—"When the States got their independence, they had broken a restraint. They were 'free,' in the sense of being left without any other political ties or restraints than those which they put upon themselves, in their own constitutions. In the States, then, the elements of revolutionary dissolution and decay began to work, and when the rectifying operation of peace and order came to be applied, it was the Union . . . through which the disciplining and organizing work went on. Therefore the Union was from the start at war with the turbulent, anarchistic elements which the Revolution had let loose." With this disintegration of political institutions, financial abuses were naturally associated. "Therefore the contest with anarchy and repudiation was the great work which went to the making of this nation, . . . and Alexander Hamilton was one of the leading heroes of it."

The first seven chapters are on one topic—"Features of American Public Life, 1765-1780,"—and show how both the English and the American contentions were equally based on the unscientific 'Colonial System' of political economy, and were, therefore, logically equally unsound: how the political revolution coincided with a social revolution against authority and order generally: how unjustifiable were the outrages against the Tories, how tyrannous were the revolutionary committees, and how, as a result of all this and of the commercial war with England, the debasement of the currency, and the lack of discipline in the army,—the war closed with a condition in the States of practical anarchy. These evils have, perhaps, never before been seen so clearly and so frankly stated. The conclusion, then, follows irresistibly that the first statesmen of the time were those who perceived most vividly the defects in administration and finance, that such a statesman must excite jealousies, and that if the reforms were pressed too quickly, with too little regard to the temper of the moment, the reforms would fail in a general revolt of the masses. This is the scientific explanation of the public life of Alexander Hamilton: given his nimble mind, and clear head, his courage, and his power of organization, it explains his indomitable, almost excessive, federalism, his energetic administration of the Treasury, his hosts of enemies, and his rapid fall from popularity that led to the overthrow of his party.

It is unnecessary here to review the well-known events of that meteoric career, told as they are by Prof. Sumner with minute and condensed exactitude, and with full references to authorities. The main thing about this tiny volume is its admirable method, and its freedom from any patriotic delusions. Most of Hamilton's financial schemes are shown to be unsound, and much that he did failed of ultimate success on account of undue precipitation. Yet he remains a man of singular ability, and an essential factor in the making of the American Government.

* Pessimism: A History and a Criticism. By James Sully. Second edition. \$4. D. Appleton & Co.

* Alexander Hamilton. By William Graham Sumner. 75 cts. (Makers of America.) Dodd, Mead & Co.

"The Railway Problem" *

A WORK on the railway problem written by the president of a railway company is likely to attract some attention. Such a work might be expected to be partial to the companies and to sustain or excuse many of the abuses with which their management has been charged; but Mr. Stickney's book is of an entirely different character. He tells the reader in his first chapter that his principal business is the management of a railway, yet he writes in an eminently judicial spirit and with an evident desire to be just to all parties. The chief topic he discusses is that of railway rates and the means of preventing unjust discriminations between individuals and between localities. In treating this subject he necessarily has to consider the so-called Granger Laws and the Interstate Commerce Law, the principle of which he approves, affirming that the object of all those laws was not to reduce the earnings of the companies but to prevent discriminations. He maintains that 'it is not the so-called Granger Laws, nor the Interstate Law, nor the acts of commissions which have reduced the rates of transportation to the present unprofitable level, but the mismanagement of the companies,' and he supports this view by some very strong evidence. The Interstate Law, he thinks, has largely failed of its intended effect, owing to the lack of sufficient means of enforcing it; and he contends that the question of rates and discriminations can never be settled until rates are absolutely fixed by governmental authority.

In discussing this part of the subject he takes the ground that the railroads are public highways and that the rates they collect are tolls; and he supports this view by quotations from several judicial decisions. He would have the entire legal control of the railway business vested in the federal Government, and would have Congress or a commission acting under its authority fix the rates that the railways should collect, and allow no deviation from them. As a means of enforcing the rates he declares the ordinary fines and penalties altogether insufficient, and he thinks that 'the chief executive officer who has charge of this department, whenever he becomes satisfied that any management is persistently disobeying the laws, should have power to take possession of the property and manage it through the intervention of a receiver or otherwise, until he can have satisfactory assurances that the law will thereafter be obeyed.' These are certainly heroic remedies, but whether they are the best or the most effectual that can be devised we shall not undertake to say. They would involve a great extension of the functions of the general Government and would demand a high order of virtue in the various officers having charge of the business; but those who wish to know what can be said in their favor and what an intelligent and fair-minded railway manager thinks on the whole subject of rates and discriminations, will find Mr. Stickney's book well worth reading.

"The Lost Manuscript" †

PUBLISHED in 1864, 'The Lost Manuscript' of Gustav Freytag has gone through sixteen German editions. It is from the last that the translation made for *The Open Court* and now printed in two bulky volumes is taken. This novel—of which on its appearance the edition of the two first volumes was exhausted before the third was ready to distribute—and 'Debit and Credit,' its predecessor, are perhaps the two most famous illustrations of German fiction to the English-speaking world. The German novel is often a fearful and wonderful thing, embodying as it does certain race characteristics—*vis.*, a profound seriousness, laborious elaboration, and a tendency to regard life from a purely sentimental and imaginative point of view—which do not lend themselves to the artistic reproduction of the elements of modern life. But while Freytag has not escaped this literary heritage, he has been gifted with the charm of render-

ing his characters real and living personalities. No one who has ever read 'The Lost Manuscript' will forget the Professor who so astutely reasoned upon the maladies of the past and yet was so blind to the evils about him; and it is said that throughout Germany, wherever Freytag has lived, the living prototypes of his characters are easily discovered.

The *motif* of the story is the search for a manuscript of Tacitus, which the Professor, a rabid philologist, from finding its mention in an old account-book of a monastery, supposes to be concealed in a certain village. He goes there to pursue his search, but instead of the manuscript he brings back to the city a charming provincial wife, whom, in his leisure moments, he attempts to train. In the meantime he continues his quest. It leads him to the court of a certain Prince who falls in love with his wife and keeps the Professor there on the pretense of finding the manuscript while he pays court to the wife. The story is at times intensely exciting; it is at all times interesting in spite of its sometimes tedious descriptions; and the psychological idea of the expansion of the soul at death into a radiating influence and activity expressed upon future generations, which is its measure of its immortality, gives it a permanent value. The scene where the erudite but unconscious Professor explains to the profligate Prince the nature of the Cæsarean insanity is one of the most remarkable and ingenious in fiction. The publishers, however, of this present edition have sacrificed the comfort and, it may be, the patience of the reader in presenting the novel in an unwieldy form.

James Freeman Clarke *

DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE'S promised volume on his friend and fellow-pastor James Freeman Clarke comes to hand within the stipulated time. It consists of Dr. Clarke's autobiography written in 1883, and treating of his life to 1840, of liberal extracts from his diary and correspondence, and of a list of his writings, with an index. Except a few notes and connecting paragraphs, the work of the compiler is not specially manifest, and is certainly not intrusive. This is the art which conceals art. Only a few of Dr. Clarke's exquisite poems, including 'White-cap't Waves,' are given, and it is to be hoped that these exquisite bubbles from the fountain of his delicate fancy may be permanently photographed in print. A most excellent portrait, 'a speaking likeness' of the great-hearted Christian, salutes one as frontispiece. The twenty-one chapters pass in clear review his life at Newton, Cambridge, Louisville, Meadville and Boston: his labors in literature, reform, abolition, the parish and pulpit, and in the multifarious activities which constantly invited his energies. Now, he that never rested rests. Dr. Clarke was 'a Unitarian of the James Freeman Clarke sort,' and while he was this kind of a Unitarian only he was the most catholic of Catholics. One of the aims of his life was the establishment of a University of Theology in which all churches, sects, creeds and religious bodies could have the opportunity of presenting their claims, so that earnest students could, beneath the surface discords, discover the harmony and truth in the depths. The reviewer's last interview with Dr. Clarke was at a Wellesley College commencement dinner. Between the oysters and the salads, the good man related how Mr. Charles Bradlaugh had called on him, and was surprised to have Dr. Clarke invite him to address his Sunday school—which the Englishman did with propriety and to edification. It was this large-hearted toleration which made James Freeman Clarke so successful an interpreter, not only of the Ten Great Religions, but of the one religion which may be defined as the craving of the finite after the Infinite. The best praise to be awarded to Dr. Hale is that he has given us a fascinating biography in which the subject speaks for himself.

* The Railway Problem. By A. B. Stickney. \$2. D. D. Merrill Co.

† The Lost Manuscript. By Gustav Freytag. 2 vols. \$4. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.

* Autobiography, Diary and Correspondence of James Freeman Clarke. Ed. by Edward Everett Hale. \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Minor Notices

FOLLOWING his edition of the tales from the comedies, Dr. Rolfe has prepared in the same manner the 'Tales from Shakespeare's Tragedies' by Charles and Mary Lamb. This division of their work has been made in order to accommodate the editor's notes, which, including many long extracts from the plays themselves, occupy about one-third of the volume. In making his selections, Dr. Rolfe has taken a hint from a recommendation of the author's, that the young gentlemen among their readers shall explain the tales to their sisters, and perhaps read to them some carefully selected passages from the plays. The editor has taken this task on his more capable shoulders, has explained the hard words and difficult passages, and so made a book which may serve as an introduction not merely to the reading but to the study of Shakespeare. Some rather antiquated wood-engravings serve for illustration; and there is an index of words and phrases explained in the notes. (36c. Harper & Bros.)—MESSRS. R. R. BOWKER and George Iles have prepared 'The Reader's Guide to Economic, Social and Political Science,' with the design of assisting both elementary and advanced students in finding the best works for their purposes. The list of books is divided into numerous classes, of which political economy stands first, followed by other economic and political themes, with social science, politics and government, constitutional history and many other topics, thus giving in available form a brief bibliography of politico-economic science. It is not, however, an ideal work of the kind, being too largely devoted to writings of recent date, and we fail to find in it any mention of Plato or Aristotle. At the end of the book are some brief lists of works recommended to young students, and also an account of the courses in political science in several American colleges. \$1. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

THE LATEST VOLUME to appear in the Eminent Actors Series, of which Mr. William Archer is the editor, is the *Life of Charles Macklin*, by Edward Abbott Parry. It is a thoroughly good piece of work, and like the preceding volumes of the series is marked by sober good sense and a trained historic judgment. The good stories are not left out, but are not made the substance of the book, after the manner of the old-fashioned theatrical biographies. There is careful research to secure accuracy in all statements of fact, the setting of Macklin's life is given in detail in accounts of the contemporary stage and manners, and the actor's chief historical significance as the one who stood midway between Quin and Garrick in the progressive advance of natural acting, and whose main theatrical distinction was won in the character of Shylock—a character which he rescued from its incredibly stupid perversion into a comic personage—is brought out with clearness and force. The style of the book is altogether unobtrusive, contemporary records, criticisms and personal reminiscences being left to tell as much of the tale as possible. (\$1. Longmans, Green & Co.)—THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the Indian Rights Association has issued its Eighth Annual Report, covering the year 1890. One of the most prominent topics discussed in it is the late outbreak among the Sioux, which the Committee attributes in part to the ignorance of the Indians and in part to our Government's failure to keep certain promises it had made to them. They earnestly advocate the education of all the Indian tribes. Besides the Sioux war the report deals with a variety of other matters relating to the Indians, such as the application of Civil Service rules in the appointment of the officers that have charge of Indian affairs, the present condition and educational status of certain tribes, etc.; and there is a special paper of some length on the Indians of Alaska. (Phila.: Indian Rights Ass'n.)

A WORK OF great interest to the military student and historian of the Civil War is a volume from the pen of Gen. G. T. Beauregard, formerly of Confederate fame, but better known at the present day as one of the directors of the Louisiana Lottery scheme. It is entitled 'A Commentary on the Campaign and Battle of Manassas, of July, 1861, together with a Summary of the Art of War.' The immediate occasion for the writing of this book was the raising of certain personal claims to these events by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, in an article published by him in *The Century* for May, 1885. Writing like Cæsar, in the third person, Gen. Beauregard is frank and direct in procedure, and clear and terse in style. The matter is arranged in seventeen chapters, some of which are very brief. Besides detailing the movements of both armies, and the events of the campaign, the General sets forth the part of each officer—Ewell, Johnston and others—it the battle, and winds up with a critique upon Jefferson Davis. Eighteen appendices give the various orders and despatches, and there are two clear maps, and a summary of the art of war which the author first published in a pamphlet at Charleston in 1863 for the instruction of

officers in his department. The book is handsomely printed. (\$1. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—'THE GAMBLING Games of the Chinese' is the title of a paper prepared by Mr. Stewart Culin of Philadelphia, and issued in the Series in Philology, Literature and Archæology of the University of Pennsylvania. The Chinese gamblers do not aspire to keep offices in Wall Street or in Louisiana, nor to capture railroads, banks, or anything but what is carried in the pocket. The most common game, usually played in the cellars, on a table, is a sort of Faro bank (we capitalize the word in memory of Pharaoh, peace to his mummy!). It is called Fan T'an, or the game of 'repeatedly spreading out.' From under a cup containing the squarely-perforated 'cash' of China, the master of the game sweeps out four small piles, and the risk is in betting how many remain after the division into fours is made. Each of the players must first deposit with the clerk a small amount of money; the aggregate thus deposited, except a certain amount taken to pay the winners, goes to the bank. Of the eight or ten Fan T'an companies in Philadelphia, the average nightly earnings are between five and ten dollars. The other diversion, called Pak Kop Piu, or the game of 'the white pigeon ticket,' is named after the white carrier-pigeons that bear the results of lottery-drawings in China, and is a simple game of lottery conducted by men who use cards printed with characters which serve as numerals. A good deal of interesting information is also given by Mr. Culin, and those who would know more about these ancient people among us will profit by this bright and scholarly pamphlet. (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press.)

'BLACK AMERICA,' by W. Laird Clowes, is a series of papers originally contributed to the *London Times*, now reprinted with considerable additions, and treating of the Negro problem in the United States. To American readers who have studied the question the book will not convey much new information; but it is written in an interesting style, and presents the difficulties of the problem in a striking light. After giving statistics of the white and the Negro population of the cotton States, and stating that the blacks increase faster than the whites, Mr. Clowes goes on to show how deep is the hostility that exists between the two races, a hostility that is quite as bitter on the side of the Negroes as on the side of the whites. He shows, too, that there has been in recent years a revival among the Negroes of Voodooism and other forms of heathenish superstition, even in Massachusetts. With regard to a correction of the evils so vividly set forth, Mr. Clowes first discusses certain remedies that have been proposed and to some extent tried, such as education, the fusion of the two races and so forth, and then offers us what he calls the 'ideal solution'—the scheme that has often been advocated in our own country of a wholesale deportation of the Negroes to Africa. This plan has always seemed to us impracticable; and though, if carried out, it might prove beneficial to America, it is very doubtful if it would prove so to the Negroes themselves, who would almost certainly sink back into savagery. (\$1.50. Cassell & Co.)

UNDER THE TITLE of 'Travel,' our indefatigable 'Q. P. Index,' otherwise W. M. Griswold, has for some time been issuing a series of semi-monthly monographs, selected from periodicals and newspapers, of recent and older date, and descriptive of places notable for natural beauty or historic event. Sixty-five of these sketches have now been bound up into two neat volumes. With slight exception they all relate to European localities. The editor has shown good taste in the compilation, to which he has evidently given much time and thought. The papers are bright and entertaining, and characterized by that airiness of style and felicity of expression, which lend to the descriptions and bits of adventure interspersed a peculiar charm, and make the volumes most delightful companions, either at the winter fireside or by the summer sea. The reformed spelling is sparingly used, and there is, of course, everything that is needed in the way of an index. (\$5. Cambridge: W. M. Griswold.)

'AS WE Saw It in '90,' by Miss Grace Carew Sheldon, is a reprint of letters written from abroad to the *Buffalo Courier*, with some additions not included in that correspondence. Ireland and Scotland get the larger share of attention, only three of the dozen chapters being given to the Continent—chiefly to Paris and Ober-Ammergau. The descriptions and observations are decidedly above the average of their class, though the letters might well have been subjected to some pruning and revision before being put into book form. Even if, as we are told, 'it takes styles fully two years to migrate to America,' one does not go to a book of travel to learn how gowns are cut and trimmed, or whether 'hats and bonnets are made long in the brim' or otherwise. This stuff, however, does not cumber many of the pages. (25 cts. Buffalo: Woman's

Exchange.)—MESSRS. HARPER have issued a Popular Edition of 'The Journal of Sir Walter Scott,' edited by Mr. David Douglas from the original manuscript at Abbotsford. The literary *ana* of 1890 included nothing comparable in interest with these daily notes of the chief literary figure of the English-speaking world at the beginning of the nineteenth century; and the reduction of its size from two large volumes to one of ordinary size, causing a corresponding reduction of price (from \$7.50 to \$2.50), will bring the work within the reach of thousands of new readers.—FROM the Salvation Army Headquarters in London we have received a copy of 'Gen.' Booth's 'In Darkest England and the Way Out,' reviewed in these columns, from the American edition, on Dec. 13 last.

'THE NEW JAMAICA,' as described by Edgar Mayhew Bacon and Eugene Murray Claron, Ph.D., is a land of industrial exhibitions, bananas, rum and sugar. It has a population of 600,000, and complains of a scarcity of labor, a not unnatural result of low wages. Its chief city, Kingston, is said to be the third hottest in the world, and points with pride to the floods of its rainy season which do all the work usually undertaken by a street-cleaning department. They have to be helped, however, by the doctor, who pays regular morning and evening visits and is elsewhere known as the sea-breeze, and by 'John Crow,' a useful member of the buzzard tribe, who removes the city refuse for what he can get out of it. The Jamaicans have a railway which takes its way between groves of mangos, cactus hedges, logwood copses and banana walks, and an irrigating canal where the women sit upon the banks and splash the water upon the cane-stalks with their hands. East Indian coolies, Negroes and invalided soldiers make a considerable part of the population. If you go for a stroll in the country and ask where the road you are following leads, you are told it goes just 'wherevah you wants teh go, sah.' And if you ask how far it may happen to be to any particular place, it is 'Na too faa.' Old Jamaica has a history, and many decayed towns, and ruins to any extent, and there is a Jamaica which is neither new nor old, but eternal, composed of mountains and ant-hills, palms and orchids, cascades and rivers. The authors leave no phase of its scenery or life undescribed, and where words fail they have recourse to pictures, some drawn from nature direct, some from photographs. There are also several maps and an index. (Walbridge & Co.)

'A SHORT HISTORY of Political Economy in England,' by L. L. Price, is a book that may be of use to some American students. Its object is to trace the general course of economic thought in the British Isles from Adam Smith to the present time, but without going into minute particulars. A pretty good account is given of the contributions made to the science by the great standard writers, Smith, Ricardo, Malthus and Mill, the services of each being freely acknowledged, while the criticisms that Mr. Price makes have none of that acrid and jealous character which the animadversions of some recent writers evince. He has not shown, however, as it seems to us, a due sense of proportion in the space accorded to the various writers; too much attention being given to such comparatively insignificant men as Cliffe, Leslie and Arnold Toynbee, while on the other hand De Quincey, one of the most important contributors to the theory of value, is not even mentioned. With regard to the question of economic method, Mr. Price adopts essentially the views of Mill, and shows none of that extravagant predilection for the so-called historical method with which some recent writers have been afflicted. His book is written in a simple and perspicuous style, and will be found sufficiently full for most persons who are interested in the subject. (2s. 6d. London: Methuen & Co.)

A RECENT publication of the University of Pennsylvania is a volume on 'Our Sheep and the Tariff.' It is, as our readers will probably surmise, an argument in favor of the duty on foreign wool. Yet the author, Mr. William Draper Lewis, is not extravagant in his views, but advocates a temporary duty only, maintaining that 'investigation proves that it is possible to raise wool and mutton in the United States as cheaply as in any country in the world.' Hence he infers that 'permanent protection will be unnecessary' (p. 141); but why even temporary protection should be needed under such circumstances we are unable to see. Indeed, his admissions on this point seem to invalidate his whole argument; and we apprehend that his work will be more acceptable to free-traders than to the ordinary protectionist. The book opens with an argument in favor of the protective system generally; and then follow several chapters on the various breeds of sheep and the different kinds of wool, with remarks on the raising of sheep, the progress and present state of the industry in the United States and elsewhere, and various other matters connected with the subject. The book contains a number of statistical tables and charts,

and presents a good deal of information that will be useful to those who dissent from the author's views as well as to those who agree with him. (University of Pennsylvania Press Co.)

'THE AMERICAN CITIZEN,' by Charles F. Dole, is a treatise on the social duties of men. It is an expansion of a previous work by the same writer entitled 'The Citizen and the Neighbor,' and is intended for the instruction of young men and women in the schools and elsewhere. It is divided into five parts, of which the first treats of the family, the school and various voluntary associations, the second of political ethics, the next two of social and economic duties, and the concluding one of international ethics. Being written for the young, it of course contains little of a philosophical character; but the author's views are in the main sound and well presented, and the moral tone of the book is excellent. Its principal fault is that it attempts too much, so that no part of the subject is treated with the fulness that is desirable. The subject of political rights and duties alone, including the necessary study of political institutions, is enough for one small treatise, while the various kinds of social duties would have been an ample subject for another. We are glad, however, to see a work intended for the young which treats political affairs from the moral point of view, most works of the kind heretofore issued being merely descriptive and historical; and we shall be pleased to see Mr. Dole's treatise come into general use. (\$1. D. C. Heath & Co.)

IN OCTOBER, 1890, Col. Ingersoll delivered an address on Walt Whitman at Philadelphia which has received the honor of publication in book form as 'Liberty in Literature.' Its first line opens with the astounding statement that 'in the year 1855 the American people knew but little of books. . . . Young and Pollok, Addison and Watts were regarded as great poets (!). Some of the more reckless (!) read Thomson's "Seasons" and the poems and novels of Sir Walter Scott'; and so on through a string of extravagance and nonsense limited only by the speaker's lack of a perception of the ridiculous. In 1855 Poe had been dead a number of years; 'Thanatopsis' and 'Hiawatha' and Emerson were alive; Hawthorne was here, and Lowell, and Bancroft; and a throng innumerable of minor poets and essayists, each the author of some one charming bit of prose or verse that has resisted the oxidation of time. And yet, in 1855, Miss Flora McFlimsey had nothing to wear! It is offensive to be praised by some people, and such is the effect of Ingersoll's panegyric on Whitman: *et tu, Brute!* Whitman did not deserve this: he ought to have been spared. People to whom the 'good gray poet' is dear, look with distaste at the merciless soaping of the eulogist, and endeavor in vain to escape his superlatives. Nothing new is added to our knowledge of Whitman except the inherent magnetic power of the man who could elicit ecstasies from Ingersoll. He clutches the poet as the eagle did Ganymede, and sweeps with him into the empyrean, not remembering that Ganymede is quite buoyant enough to float there of himself. (50 cts. *Truthseeker*.)

SOME OF THE recent lectures before the Brooklyn Ethical Association have been issued in pamphlet form under the title 'Evolution in Science and Art.' The first of the series is by Edward D. Cope, and is a short sketch of the life and work of Alfred R. Wallace. It gives high praise to Wallace for his contributions to science; but Mr. Cope, as is well known, does not believe in the sufficiency of natural selection to account for the origin of species, so that on this point he regards Wallace's work as defective. Another pamphlet is by Francis E. Abbot, who presents in brief form his objections to Berkeley's theory of subjectivism, or idealism, but without advancing anything specially new. The two remaining papers treat of Herbert Spencer's philosophy and of the life and work of Ernst Haeckel. The latter essay is by Thaddeus B. Wakeman, and is an out-and-out advocacy of Haeckel's materialism. Each of the lectures, when delivered, was followed by a discussion in which various persons took part, and an abstract of the discussion is given at the end of each pamphlet. The lectures are not so good, in our opinion, as some that have been delivered at the same place in earlier years, and they reveal a greater divergence of views on certain points among the members of the association. This is particularly the case with Spencer's doctrine of the Unknowable, which is treated with great respect by some of the speakers, slighted by others, and scornfully rejected by theists on the one hand and by materialists on the other. Evidently we have not heard the last word on this subject yet. (10 cts. each. D. Appleton & Co.)

THE WORTHINGTON CO. announce for immediate publication 'The Rector of St. Luke's,' by Marie Bernhard, translated by Elise L. Lathrop.

London Letter

'PLAGIARISM,' says one, 'is the discovery that *our* thoughts have been stolen by our forefathers.' But some people never make this discovery, even when they smart beneath the theft; nay, when forced by officious critics to admit the whilom existence of the burglar, he invariably proves to be a personage of whom they have hitherto barely heard, and with whose productions they are absolutely unacquainted. A witty contemporary once remarked that on some such grounds it would be easy to make out a list of the authors whose writings were sealed books to Mr. Rider Haggard; and an English novelist, whose veracity is above suspicion, asserts that until the other day she had never heard of a certain 'Humble Romance,' which everyone else had read years ago. We quite believe Mrs. Parr to have been the victim of coincidence, or possibly of a treacherous memory,—but is the same to be said for an anonymous 'fantasy' of which one reviewer declares that it 'is the freshest in idea and treatment' of any of the works of 'fiction before him'? We will leave all readers of 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' to judge of the freshness of the idea, whatever may be said of the treatment. 'I, Me, and Him' is the title of the novelette, published by Messrs. Skeffington & Co., and the fresh idea is that every man is a compound of three entities—'The Personal Ego—the Man as he regards himself; the Intrinsic Ego—the Man in his essential reality; and the Simulated Ego—the Man as he exists in the estimation of friends and acquaintances.' In 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' we have 'John' for 'Man,' and this whimsical suggestion on the part of the Autocrat. There are, he pronounces, to every single John, three Johns:—1. The real John, known only to his Maker. 2. John's ideal John; never the real one, and often very unlike him. 3. Thomas's ideal John, never the real John, nor John's John, but very unlike either.

A little simpler this version, given to the world twenty-five years ago or more, and surely the freshness has been dimmed by age, otherwise one would be tempted to say 'Here is the same thing twice told.' But ah! how delightful is the whole little scene around the immortal Breakfast Table, even to the action of the 'young fellow called John,' who, after listening to the speaker with all imaginable gravity, makes practical use of the suggestion by appropriating the three best peaches in the basket on the grounds that there was 'just one apiece for him'!

Of books large and small, we have enough, and more than enough at present. First in public estimation beyond a doubt, are the 'De Quincey Memorials,' admirable in form and structure, magical in interest. Already these volumes are being so widely reviewed, that they require no further word from me than this, I can assure your readers that they are being *read*, which everyone knows is a widely different thing from being *reviewed*. Wherever one goes, the 'De Quincey book' meets the eye; it is lying on the worktable, the sofa, or the mantelpiece; it looks as if it had just been laid down; and usually there is a book-knife, or marker in it. I am told, moreover, that the demand increases daily. Prof. Japp the compiler, and Mr. Heinemann the publisher, are alike to be congratulated; the one for making, the other for recognizing, a work which has so hit the popular fancy.

'Jenny Lind: the Artist' is another pleasant book in a different vein. Leaving off with the year 1851, the memoirs are naturally incomplete; and further the diverse styles of the joint authors, Canon Scott Holland and Mr. Rockstro, do not work in well together,—moreover, had the worthy Canon been docked of half his epithets, and a third of his enthusiasm, he had done better,—still, with all its defects, there is much that is bright and clever in the present volume. It is understood that the famous singer projected writing her own autobiography. But all who knew her, or knew about her, concur in attesting that it would have been impossible for one possessed of such a shrinking, retiring, modest nature to have done justice to her own remarkable career. Jenny Lind would have blushed to record her triumphs, and her life—with scarce a check—was one long triumph. It is indeed delightful to learn how little her personality suffered, and what a pious, pure, well-regulated mind she maintained beneath adulation and homage such as seldom falls to the lot of anyone, and could never have been dreamed of by the humble Swedish maiden in her youthful days.

And yet again another style of memoir—the memoir of a regiment. Has such a compilation ever before appeared, I wonder, as the one now before me in the shape of Col. Liddell's 'Memoirs of the Tenth Royal Hussars'? The 'Tenth' is, of course, well-known to all English people as a 'crack' regiment; but I fancy there are not a few even among ourselves who imagine its chief, if not its only, claim to being so lies in the fact that it has always enjoyed a special amount of Royal favor, that the Prince of Wales is its present Colonel, and 'Prince Eddy' has now risen in it to the rank of Major. Col. Liddell, however, dispels this idea. The

'Tenth,' he insinuates, would scorn to allow that they claim distinction only on these grounds. They took their glorious share of Waterloo, when of them Byron wrote that in their ranks his kinsman, the 'gallant young Howard,' fell at the head of his squadron; they did hard and bitter work in several Indian campaigns,—and were 'drunk with the wine of battle' in the cruel Crimea. Soldierly deeds are recorded on many a page, and altogether there is plenty to show that the exquisite little swagger whereby the 'Tenth' is best known in fashionable drawing-rooms, is only as it were the jesting-point of a gallant regiment; that though '*the Tenth don't dance*,' they do other things—occasionally.

'The Anglomaniacs,' and 'Flower de Hundred' will have prepared many friends for Mrs. Harrison on her arrival in England just now. As a rule, we prefer 'The Anglomaniacs.' It flatters our vanity, don't you know?

A number of functions took place last week in London, and many people who might not otherwise have appeared in the metropolis for a short while longer, the weather being so dull and cold, and entertaining being almost at a standstill, came up because of the opening of the Naval Exhibition, the Academy Banquet and Private View, and the Drawing-Room to-morrow.

The first named of these shows was really a charming spectacle, the naval uniforms, so seldom seen at such social gatherings, adding immensely to its brilliancy. And then sailors are so kindly, so friendly. What trouble they took that everybody should have the very best done for them that could be done! Here is an instance. My own place was a good one, but not quite so good as those of several fine-looking elderly commanders near, not one of whom was known to me. Yet two of these were quite concerned lest they impeded my view by being where they were—how could they help it?—and one even begged to exchange positions! When one considers that this was, to them, probably the finest 'show' they had ever seen—(for every member of the Royal Family, except the Queen herself, was present, and the whole function was appropriately imposing)—when one also considers that on other grounds, it must have been a deeply interesting moment, I cannot smile, as I see some of your readers inclined to do, at the idea of making so much of such a trifling courtesy. It is these trifling courtesies which so few among us like to render. We can be abnormally polite and self-sacrificing on what we deem adequate grounds,—but we women don't like to put down a parasol in the sun, because it prevents strangers in the rear from witnessing an exciting crisis at polo, or at lawn-tennis, and who among us is ready to offer an exchange of seats in a carriage or railway compartment to a pale child distressed by having to sit with its back to the horses, or the engine, supposing we know nothing of the child?

The Naval Exhibition is going to be a great success, those say who ought to know. I will write of it again, when it can be seen in its normal state. On Saturday it was all in a hurly-burly, and the rain came down in the middle! Numbers of the fine frocks got soaked through. There were fireworks in the evening, which were excessively good, and are to be continued on Saturdays throughout the season.

The Private View of the Academy was much the same merry, chattering reunion it always is, fairly representative, but not more so than usual, in spite of the fuss made about the distribution of tickets. Many old, familiar faces were missing. Groups gathered in front of special pictures were only to be found here and there. 'The Doctor,' by Luke Fildes, R.A., had invariably a group, however. Briton Riviere's 'A Mighty Hunter before the Lord' was also appreciated. And Oulless and Orchardson are alike strong in this year's portraiture. One of the amusing points about a Private View is the inclination subjects whose portraits are hung evince for gazing at their own likeness, and conducting friends to the sacred spot. On approaching any notable Academician's portrait work for the year, one may be almost certain of finding the 'head,' *in propria persona*, not far off.

Another little trait is the indifference, real or apparent, of the painter. He is never near the place. He is laughing and chaffing in the midst of a knot of kindred spirits; the last thing in the world he dreams of being to look at canvases, either of his own or any one else. Occasionally he is merely the attachment of his æsthetically attired spouse. She, the painter's wife, is the real spirit of the scene. How she does enjoy herself! How she patronizes the less fortunate artists' families of her acquaintance! How she swallows down compliment upon compliment that should have been her husband's, but that somehow are intercepted by her! How appallingly self-satisfied, and aggressively complacent she is altogether! Surely it must have been something to do with the multiplicity of the artists' womankind which made last Saturday's Private View a somewhat dreary entertainment; they pervaded the atmosphere, and choked the entrance; methinks there will have to be a more circumspect administration of tickets another

year, or the Academy Private View will share the fate of the Institute—and, alas! we know what that means.

L. B. WALFORD.

Boston Letter

THERE is not a student of Harvard College living who, if his date of graduation is later than 1842, does not remember Prof. Sophocles. To these alumni the coming article in *The Atlantic Monthly*, by Prof. Palmer, will be of exceeding interest. The general public, too, will find that the mysterious life of the kind-hearted, scholarly hermit offers opportunity for reminiscences which can be enjoyed in the reading even though the subject of the sketch has been dead these seven years and has, therefore, presumably passed out of the memory of those who knew of his existence only by report. The quaint picture of that short, slightly bent form, crowned by a face gloriously impressive, with its sharp, black eyes glistening with thrilling earnestness from under heavy brows, will rise before those students who recall how zealously, with immense cap and muffler, he concealed the snowy beard and long gray locks that hung about his neck whenever signs of winter came. For nearly forty years he taught Greek at Harvard. Of his early life little was known except that he was born near Mt. Pelion, that he had lived in the Convent of Mount Sinai, and that, while a young man, he had come to America under the patronage of the Board of Foreign Missions. Beyond these facts even President Felton, who was his best friend, knew little of his early personal life. He seemed like a Greek of the ancient ages living in a modern world. His room, in Holworthy, was regarded as a weird sanctuary. The few who saw its interior said that an old-fashioned deal table, an antique sofa, a rickety grate stove and a few chairs comprised the furniture, while nowhere was there a sign of a library. Yet his Greek dictionary and his text-books were monuments of his use of literature, while his knowledge of the works of his native land was remarkable. To the children of Cambridge, however, this gray old hero of Minerva was no mystery, for they knew him as a lovable friend whose adoration they could always count upon. Solitary as he was in his tastes, he remembered the world with many liberal gifts, while he himself lived, it is said, on plainest fare prepared by himself in his secluded 'den.' When Prof. Palmer was a student at Harvard, Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles had been an instructor there for a score of years. Charles A. Dana, Thomas Hill, afterwards President of the College, Francis Parkman, Leverett Sattontall and Benjamin A. Gould were undergraduates in the year Prof. Sophocles began his teaching at the university where he was to remain, with a few years' omission, until 1883.

The radical drama of 'Margaret Fleming,' though endorsed by W. D. Howells and T. S. Perry, has not been a popular success. Literary Boston has, however, shown much interest in the production, and several remarkable audiences, in point of noted members, have been seen at Chickering Hall. Their belief in realism on the stage, in the place of idealism, has led them to accept as proper a clever, intense, dramatically forcible elaboration of a disagreeable, depressing theme. The subject of man's conjugal infidelity would not be discussed by any one of these auditors for an entire evening in a public place; and yet, lured by their excellent hobby for naturalism in a dramatic tale, they would regard a living picture of such a discussion as desirable in the most public of all places, the theatre. To them a word or two regarding the career of the author-actor and his wife, the admirable interpreter of the leading rôle, will be of interest.

Mr. Herne tells me he went on the stage in 1860 and has been in active service ever since. During the past twelve years he has been chiefly engaged in producing and acting in his own plays, 'Hearts of Oak,' 'The Minute Men' and 'Drifting Apart.' Mrs. Herne entered the profession in 1878, in San Francisco, and has shared his dramatic ventures more or less ever since. Mr. Herne says that in writing 'Margaret Fleming' he had three motives. He felt that the trend of the drama was toward radical thoughts, truth and life; he wanted to refute the cry that 'the province of the theatre is to amuse'; and he regarded his wife as worthy to rank among the leading actresses and wished her to have a capable part. 'Margaret Fleming,' to his mind, is destined to make men and women think, and also to assist the rights of woman as against the privileges of man. This latter result, of course, is supposed to come from the separation of the sinless Margaret from the sinful Philip, contrary to the general rule of to-day. No theatre in Boston would admit so bold a consideration of marital sin upon its stage, but Mr. Herne made the venture on his own account in a hall. Financially it was a failure, but he declares that he is satisfied in the interest the play has aroused in the literary world of Boston.

Gen. B. F. Butler's 'Autobiography and Reminiscences' is to be brought out soon in the English, French and German languages, and rumor has it that the pugnacious lawyer's latest battle in the courts is to be detailed in one of the chapters. I am reminded, by this, of the fact that a brother of Butler's judicial opponent will also have a book from his pen given to the public at about the same time with the General's work. Gen. Edmund Janes Carpenter, like Judge Carpenter, has his professional associations in Boston, though he is a Rhode Island man by birth. He has long been one of the brightest writers on the editorial staff of the *Boston Advertiser* and for some time past has held the position of literary editor. His book, originally published in *The New England Magazine*, is to be brought out by Little, Brown & Co., and as its title, 'A Woman of Shawmut,' implies, will treat of old colonial days. I am told that some of its minor ideas were suggested by Mr. Howells, to whom the author outlined his plot before beginning the work, and that the champion of literary realism found much to commend in the completed book. Gov. Bellingham's own performance of the ceremony that united him with the young girl who loved, and was loved by, one of the Governor's household is an historical fact, and many of the subsequent details in the story,—the affliction of the woman, the loss of office by the Governor, the refusal even of the earth to hold his coffin,—are true, although the idea that these were retributive results of the marriage is the author's own surmise. The tombstone of Bellingham is still to be seen in the Old Granary burying-ground; but over it, resting on four pedestals, is the marble of another man, shading almost entirely from sight the last sign of the once proud colonial ruler.

BOSTON, May 19, 1891.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

The Washington Memorial Arch

THE FUND was increased by about \$500 through a theatrical performance at the Madison Square Theatre on Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Wendell of the Amateur Comedy Club, Mr. Gottschalk of the Vokes company and several well-known amateurs presented 'A Game of Cards' and 'Fennel' in an agreeable way, while Mr. Joseph Jefferson, Mr. Florence, Mrs. Drew and their associates gave a delightful rendering of the third act of 'The Rivals.' A 'drawing-room entertainment,' by Mr. Richard Mansfield, closed a most enjoyable matinée.

The following subscriptions were received by Wm. R. Stewart, Treasurer, of the Washington Arch Fund, during the week ending May 16:—

\$250:—William Ziegler.

\$100:—J. Kennedy Tod & Co. (additional).

\$50 each:—George N. Lawrence, Gordon Norrie (additional), Samuel P. Avery (additional), and Daniel G. Rollins.

\$25 each:—Mrs. Ehninger, H. M. Smith & Son (additional), S. Howland Robbins.

\$20:—Dorman B. Eaton.

\$11.04:—Cash-box returns.

Total subscriptions to May 16, \$102,315.84; amount still needed, \$13,684.16. Subscriptions may be sent to the Treasurer at 54 William Street.

Magazine Notes

THE second and concluding part of 'The Pupil,' Henry James's story in *Longman's* for April, does little more than supply a conclusion which was foreseen from the beginning. No new traits are added to the family group of the Moreens: the shadowy tutor remains shadowy; and the precocious hero of the tale dies as we all along guessed that he would, the prospect of being rid of his relations being too much for him. But, taking it all together, it is one of the best of the writer's short pieces. Dr. Sebastian Evans has fished out of the fifty-five thousand verses of Giambattista Spagnoli about one hundred and sixty which describe an Italian country house of the period (1490-1500) illuminated, like a manuscript, with paintings in vermillion. He has turned them into smooth-flowing English and provided an introduction not too learned nor too long. At the Sign of the Ship Mr. Lang holds forth about Thackeray and his biography by Messrs. Merrivale and Marzials, with much praise for the man and little for the book. 'Upon a Day,' by Aubyn Battye, is about birds, sticklebacks and otters. There is a descriptive article on 'Sark,' by C. W. Kennedy, and a short story, 'Sally,' by Louisa Parr.

The last part of Dr. Andrew D. White's paper on 'Miracles and Medicine,' which appears in the June *Popular Science Monthly*, deals with changes of vogue in regard to saintly healing relics, theological intolerance of Jewish and other physicians, inoculation and anaesthetics, the history of the royal touch and similar fetishisms. In 'Our Grandfathers Died too Young,' Mrs. H. M. Plunkett describes the progress in sanitation which has doubled the

average length of life in civilized countries within a few hundred years. A readable essay is on 'Survivals from Marriage by Capture,' by Lieut. Col. A. B. Ellis. 'The Pearl of Practice' is the title of a book of quaint medical prescriptions, printed in London over two hundred years ago, some extracts from which are embodied in an article by Miss Elizabeth Robinson. The fifth paper in the illustrated series on the Development of American Industries since Columbus will describe 'The Manufacture of Wool.' The writer, S. N. Dexter North, is Secretary of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, and special agent of the Eleventh Census.

The Lounger

'BY THE WAY,' writes a bright young woman to an old friend who had sent her the bound volume of 'The Light that Failed,' containing a different termination from the one in *Lippincott's*, 'the new ending may be more artistic: it is more natural for that pig of a Maisie to remain unrelenting; but I think it's the most painful thing I ever read. It gave me the blues for two whole days. If you ever meet Mr. Kipling, you may tell him, with my regards, that I recommend a third ending, in which the red-haired girl (of whom I am very fond—and as Dick can't see her, her being ugly doesn't make any difference) shall "get even" with Maisie, and get Dick. He would fall in love with her after a while, and they could have a very good time together. It might not be an artistic ending, but it would be a "heap sight" pleasanter.' Happy thought! If I meet Mr. Kipling, I will suggest it to him. It offers a new opening for people with red hair: marriage with the blind, to whom, if to any one, 'handsome is as handsome does.'

MR. KIPLING has reason to be grateful to that one of his American friends and admirers to whom he is indebted for an introduction to the typewriter. The demand for his work has become so great that he would have been unable to keep up with it, had it not been for his adoption of this labor-saving device. Without any apprehension of falling behind in his engagements, he can now dash off a short story, a ballad or a 'Light that Failed' with the speed of a lightning-calculator, and with 'supreme pity' (such as Victor Hugo felt for kings) for the wretches who ply the pen and suffer from digital paralysis. 'The British Flag' was written upon the typewriter—little as one would suspect the lines of being machine-made; and the balladist and teller of 'Plain Tales' clings to his 'Remington No. 2' as devotedly as Mr. Stevenson, at a certain famous and perilous moment, 'clung to his paddle.' This 'Yankee notion' was recommended to him by Mr. Wolcott Balestier, to whom Mr. Kipling showed his gratitude by presenting him with its mate. So devoted is Mr. Balestier himself to the machine, that he never travels without it—even though he cannot write a line while travelling.

I DO NOT think I am betraying a confidence when I say that a novel by Mr. Balestier has just been accepted by one of the leading magazines. It was sent to the editor anonymously and accepted entirely upon its merits. Mr. Edmund Gosse acted as intermediary. In talking with Mr. Balestier the other day, the editor remarked that Mr. Gosse had sent him the manuscript of a novel which he had accepted. 'Yes,' said Mr. Balestier, 'I know it. I wrote it!' This was only a few weeks ago. Since then Mr. Balestier has returned to London, where he has made his permanent home, having leased the house of Mrs. Brookfield—Thackeray's Mrs. Brookfield—in Onslow Gardens. From his office in Dean's Yard, which looks out upon a grassy and leafy close, he can walk for miles over the grass, by sticking to the parks. In England you are never confronted with the command, 'Keep off the grass!' There the grass grows so luxuriantly that children may roll upon it, and grown people walk upon it with impunity. Think of walking two miles through the heart of a city over grass! What a contrast with New York!

GREEN PARKS to walk through are only a small part of London's attraction as a place of residence. It is the poor man's paradise. I do not mean the abjectly poor, but the man with five or six thousand dollars a year, or even less. Here he has to live in a pent-up flat: there he can get a pleasant house with a garden around it for less money. Instead of rattling over the cobblestones in a streetcar, or flying through the air upon the elevated road, he can drive anywhere within reason over asphalt roads for a shilling, or walk over green grass from his house to his office. For a man who lives by the pen, it seems to me that London is the ideal spot, for he has every advantage of a great metropolis without the rush and roar of New York. Here his nerves are always

strained to the last point in the noisy race for a living: there the easier pace, the freedom from 'rustling,' keeps one in good condition for work. An Englishman will shake the dust of London from his heels on a Thursday afternoon, and stay until Monday morning at his country home. He prefers to rest as he goes along, to gather primroses by the wayside, before he is so worn out with work that when he decides that the time has come for him to stop he has forgotten what a primrose is, and his back is too stiff to admit of his plucking one even if he wanted it.

THERE IS a good deal of this take-it-easy spirit in the little New Jersey town where I spend the summer. There you will often see pinned upon a shop door in the main street a card inscribed 'Gone to dinner'; and for an hour, if not longer, you will turn the handle of that door in vain. The laboring people work for about three days in the week; during the other four they 'loaf and invite their souls.' The shopkeepers, when not 'gone to dinner,' sit out in front of their shops with their chairs tilted back against the door-post, cigars in their mouths and their hats pulled down over their eyes, and you feel perfectly sure that when they tell you that they have not got the thing you ask for, they are really too lazy to go in and get it. After all, perhaps they are right. They seem to be contented with their lot, and is not contentment better than wealth?

'I THINK Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole is mistaken,' writes E. D. of Wellington, Ohio, 'in the authorship of the epitaph published in *The Critic*. There lately died in Oberlin, Ohio, a quaint old man named Hiram Pease. He was fond of punning on his own name, and some years before his death he composed the following epitaph for himself:—

Beneath this sod and under these trees
Lies all that is left of Hiram Pease.
He is not here; 'tis only his pod.
His soul has shelled out and gone to God.

'This epitaph found its way into print, and was undoubtedly the original of the one quoted by Mr. Dole. Shortly before the death of Mr. Pease, he ordered this condensation of the lines to be carved on his tombstone:—"Here lies the pod; the peas are in heaven."

'AS IRON-FILINGS tend to cluster at the poles of a magnet,' writes Mr. Dole under date of May 18, 'so witticisms, epigrams and clever stories are sure to be attributed to notable characters. I suppose the reason may lie in the treachery of the memory, conscious and unconscious. It was unconscious treachery in my case when I attributed the epitaph "Under this Sod" to the late Mrs. Delano Goddard. She quoted it to me and related the story of its origin, and it has been long associated in my mind with her as the author of it. But a friend of Mrs. Goddard, Mr. H. H. Chamberlin of Worcester, Mass., writes me that its author was the late Mr. Theophilus Brown, "one of the brightest and wittiest men that ever lived," and who always "lavishly scattered his good things." I knew Mr. Brown well and quite agree with this praise of him, and I should be sorry to be guilty of robbing him to enrich Mrs. Goddard, who certainly needed no adventitious props in support of her just claims. I therefore gladly make the correction for the sake of the truth of history.'

'THE OTHER DAY,' writes F. W., 'in one of the large libraries, I was struck by the queer lettering on the back of a little 24mo lying nearme. This was the way it read:—

APES
A Son of the Forest

It was a relation of the experience of William Apes, "a native of the forest," comprising a notice of the tribe of the Pequods, and was published at New York, by the author, in 1829. This queer coincidence perhaps deserves a place among the curiosities of literature.'

DR. EDWARD EGGLESTON has just returned from a brief visit to Europe, which included a journey through Ireland. His sojourn abroad has been more of a holiday than previous visits of his. Those who are familiar with the movement for International Copyright, and know the important part Dr. Eggleston played in the work now happily ended, felt much regret at his absence from the recent dinner at Sherry's to celebrate the passage of the bill and the foundation of the American Copyright League, of which he was one of the founders and in fact the first proposer. But though he was not 'in at the death' nor present at the banquet to commemorate it, there is no danger that his laborious and valuable services in paving the way to victory will be forgotten.

Poetry and Botany Yet Again

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Since my little bit of verse on the humming-bird was printed in *The Critic* and politely criticised by your anonymous correspondent, I have seen some further strictures in the press upon that unfortunate production. So far as the merits of my poem are concerned, I have not a word to say. When I print one of my works I at once abandon it—it must take care of itself. But your correspondent has more than intimated that I have falsified the records of Nature in the poem in question by representing the dahlia, the tulip and the hollyhock as all blooming at the same time and place, and the Philadelphia *Inquirer* comes vigorously to the charge in aid of my witty assailant. Says the *Inquirer*:—"What we regret to see is that Mr. Thompson should undertake to defend his error by an admission of a botanical mistake with the absurd claim that it is not a poetical mistake." What I did undertake was to assert that I made neither a botanical nor a poetical mistake so far as facts went. I said that poetry could not be built upon mere observance of botanical niceties. Let me now present some facts, and I beg that my critics one and all give candid attention to them: On May 4, 1891, at Bay Saint Louis, Mississippi, my wife and I saw a dahlia and a hollyhock blooming vigorously in the open air. The next day we found a tulip in full blow. It seems to me that Nature speaks with greater authority than the critics. If the gentlemen who have been so insistent in their 'botanical' strictures on my poor little poem had really possessed wide knowledge of botany they would have been slow to risk any particularity in fixing a blooming time for garden flowers. In a climate where it is spring or summer all the year, a plant blooms in accordance with the date when its seed, bulb, etc., may have been planted, or its germs touched by favorable weather. For example, at Bay Saint Louis I have seen mulberries ripe in February and in May, roses ablow from November to May, hyacinths in January, tulips in December, hollyhocks from February to May, dahlias during the same period, and in fact you may have any flower you like (if it will grow there at all) at any season of the year, provided you use water judiciously in the dry season and protect tender plants from a stray frost or two in midwinter.

Now let my critics remember that in my poem I sang of garden plants, of garden plants in a winterless climate, and then let them remember that they took me to task for my supposed want of particular accuracy in representing facts. They will see at once that I have turned their own weapons upon them. It is they who must now appeal to generalities. Wild flowers, as a rule, bloom strictly to season; but I did not sing of wild flowers. Garden flowers, in a subtropical climate, bloom with reference to the date of planting; it was of garden flowers in a subtropical climate that I sang. I sang strictly the facts. What will my botanical critics now say?

But I do not wish to be misunderstood. On the question of art I reject the aid of trivial botanical niceties, as such. No poet is worth reading who dwells upon technicalities of science. The poet's function is to make beauty—to build ideal structures—to interpret Nature—to appeal to the soul of man—to voice passion—to evolve the general effect from the masses of particulars. Late in May is the general blooming-time of red clover; but I have seen the bumble-bee gladly sucking belated clover-blossoms in September. Sensible bee to pay no attention to botany! Science tells us that strawberries ripen in May or June and that sweet-potatoes come in early autumn; but my colored cook at Bay Saint Louis has brought me strawberries from the vine and sweet-potatoes from the ground both on the same day in February. Dear old cook, to set science at defiance! I have seen a rosebush have three blooming seasons during one winter; but botany would say that that particular rose blooms only in early summer.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., May 9. MAURICE THOMPSON.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

If the testimony of our Mobile gardens may avail in justification of Mr. Maurice Thompson's 'botany,' I have to report that I have just come in from a neighbor's garden where *dahlias* and *hollyhocks* are now blooming, and have been in bloom throughout the month of April; *tulips* are in bloom in another garden, not far away; indeed, this incredible 'floral conjunction' is the rule here, and not the exception. To us, therefore, the garden of Mr. Thompson's poem is not inconsistent, unreal, impossible, but vivid with the most accurate 'fact-reporting.' For the further 'confusion' of W. A. S., I should like to state that last November, Nature—always a poet—took such liberties with the floral calendar as to show us a crab-apple tree in full blossom, with plumes of goldenrod nodding at its feet. This has happened before and may happen again, though of course, it is exceptional.

MOBILE, ALABAMA, May 4, 1891.

E. W. B.

Like Parent Birds

(TO E. E., ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.)

LIKE parent birds in summer on a bough,
The nestlings having flown away in air,
I saw you side by side, a pleasant pair,
Courting content that genial hours allow
'Twixt then and winter. But I look, and now
Where are you?—Oh, the ruin everywhere!
Shattered the covert, and the bower laid bare
Wherein you sealed with peace so rich a vow!
'Twas that dark hunter whom all men detest
Made all this waste! Grief sets before my eyes
The cruel scene, the heartless hunter's glee,
The shot, the fall, and o'er a lifeless breast
Tumult of fearful wings and piercing cries.
I too lament,—that shot has wounded me.

O. C. AURINGER.

The Fine Arts

The Museum to be Open on Sunday Afternoons

AT A MEETING of the Board of Trustees on Tuesday afternoon, it was decided, by a vote of 12 to 4 (two members being excused from voting), to keep the Metropolitan Museum of Art open on Sunday afternoons from one o'clock till half an hour before sunset. Vice-President Daniel Huntington represented the opposition to the project, one of his three allies being Mr. William E. Dodge. The leading advocate of the proposition was Mr. Joseph H. Choate. Before announcing its decision, the Board considered the petition of 30,000 citizens asking that the Museum be opened, accompanied by the offer to contribute \$4,000 to cover the additional expense to the management likely to be entailed by such action during the months of June, July, August and September; and the further petition of 50,000 working people representing all the labor organizations in this vicinity. Consideration was given also to a petition in opposition to the project, the signers saying that to open the Museums on Sunday seems to them a perilous experiment, leading to Sunday theatres and operas, beer-gardens, music and dance-halls, and the other features of what is called a Continental Sunday, thus compelling a large class to work on that day for the pleasure of others, breaking down the principle of the equal right of all to Sunday rest, and impairing that popular reverence for the Lord's day which experience in Europe and our Western cities clearly proves to be the one effective defence of Sunday as a rest day. This counter-petition was largely signed by clergymen; yet the signatures of leading clergymen were not lacking to the petition in favor of Sunday opening. The poor of New York are to be congratulated upon the opportunity of cultivation and harmless pleasure afforded them by the new departure.

Art Notes

'GLAD SPRING,' a girl chasing lambskins through a flowery meadow, painted by George Weatherbee, engraved by James Dobie, and printed in brown ink, makes an appropriate frontispiece for the June *Magazine of Art*, seeing that it comes out in the middle of May. 'Current Art,' at the Royal Academy, is still under discussion, and is illustrated by reproductions of paintings by B. W. Leader, A.R.A., Hon. John Collier (a portrait of Prof. Huxley), and Sir John Gilbert. Berkeley Castle is illustrated, inside and out. Miss Jane Harrison returns to the subject of 'The Myth of the Nightingale on Greek Vase Paintings,' already treated in her 'Myths and Monuments of Athens.' The picture-gallery of the Royal Holloway College is fully described, with cuts, and there is a study of Hokusai, with examples of his work. Méryon, Millet and Corot are treated of, among the etchers of the French revival, by Frederick Wedmore.

—The first number of *The Photo-American Review*, the official organ of the American Photographic Conference, contains many short papers on photographic novelties. Pictures from Florida, New Jersey and New York are quite well printed and give occasion for the introduction of a little poetry and poetic prose. Almost all are of out-door views, as is proper for May. There is a list, with short reviews, of books (including novels) supposed to be of interest to photographers, and altogether the magazine presents a well-furnished and attractive appearance. A picture of the Schoolship St. Mary's ornaments the title-page.

—'The Hopgatherers,' after T. Uwins, R. A., which is, properly speaking, a single-figure picture of a little girl seated on the edge of a basket of hops in the foreground, while the gatherers are sketchily indicated in the distance, makes a pretty frontispiece to the May *Portfolio*. It is etched by C. O. Murray. Mme. Vigée-

LeBrun is the subject of the opening article, which is illustrated after her portraits of herself and child and the Dauphin, Louis XVII. The 'Survival of Classical Sentiment' in France leads the editor to speak of Puvis de Chavannes and his mural paintings. Léon Hermitte's 'Paytime in Harvest' is reproduced in photograph; so is the great torii or temple gate of Miyajima in Japan, after a water color by John Varley; and Dove Dale, Isaac Walton's fishing ground, is illustrated by pen-and-ink sketches, and described by John Leyland.

Theodore de Banville

[The Athenaeum]

BALLADE FOR THE FUNERAL OF THE LAST OF THE JOYOUS POETS

ONE ballade more before we say goodnight,
O dying Muse, one mournful ballade more;
Then let the new men fall to their delight,
The Impressionist, the Decadent, a score
Of other fresh fanatics, who adore
Quaint demons, and disdain this golden shrine;
Ah! faded goddess, thou wert held divine
When we were young! But now each laurelled head
Has fallen, and fallen the ancient glorious line;
The last is gone, since Banville too is dead.

Peace, peace a moment, dolorous Ibsenite!
Pale Tolstoist, moaning from the Euxine shore!
Heredity, to dreamland take thy flight!
And, fell Psychology, forbear to pour
Drop after drop thy dose of hellebore,
For we look back to-night to ruddier wine
And gayer singing than these moans of thine!
Our skies were azure once, our roses red,
Our poets once were crowned with eglantine;
The last is gone, since Banville too is dead.

With flutes and lyres and many a lovely rite
Through the mad woodland of our youth they bore
Verse, like an ichor in a chrysolite,
Secret, yet splendid, and the world foreswore.
One breathing-space the mocking mask it wore.
Then failed, then fell those children of the vine,—
Sons of the sun,—and sank in slow decline;
Pulse after pulse their radiant lives were shed;
To silence we their crystal names consign;
The last is gone, since Banville too is dead.

ENVOI

PRINCE-JEWELLER, whose facet-rhymes combine
All hues that glow, all rays that shift and shine,
Farewell! thy song is sung, thy splendour fled!
No bards to Aganippe's wave incline;
The last is gone, since Banville too is dead.

EDMUND GOSSE.

"Where is the Literature of the West?"

THIS YEAR'S graduating class at the University of Michigan has just founded a literary monthly, *The Inlander*, a copy of which has been sent to us by one of the Professors. We find in it several interesting articles; and one of these, called 'The Angle of Reflection,' is devoted to a consideration of the question, Why do the readers of *The Critic* pay so little heed to the writers of Michigan? Though the paper is conducted by undergraduates, the temper of this article is better and more mature than that of a recent discussion in *America* of (the problem, Why does *The Critic* ignore the literary lights of Chicago? We make room for a few quotations.

Several years ago *The Critic* opened the boxes to receive votes for an Academy—to consist of forty members like the institution of similar name in France. These immortals once banded together, what more natural than that *The Critic* should wish to weave a garland of immortelles? And a short time ago *The Critic* declared the polls open for receiving votes for an Academy of poetesses, fictionists and authoresses in general. By what seems an ungallant discrimination, the number was limited to twenty. Not so the votes, however. Every one that voted seems to have had a "lady friend" of a literary turn of mind; and the number of persons voted for must have surprised everybody except the increasing number of persons who hunt through the newspapers compiling selections of American literature. . . . No Michigan poetess or authoress seems to have received votes. . . . Many theories may, of course, be advanced to account for this state of things. It may be contended that Michigan people

are not yet in favor of applying the principle of majority-rule to literature. Others may prefer to argue that Michiganders do not draw their literary sustenance from *The Critic*, and hence were not alive to the great campaign going on in the literary world. Something possibly might be made out for the assertion that the campaign was too languid to arouse a people habituated to warm political strife.

But, after all, the dearth of candidates from this region may indicate that the star of literary empire does not westward take its way. It perhaps has transferred its central light from Boston to New York; but it does not seem to have the strength required to climb the Alleghanies. The fixing of the Columbian Fair at Chicago rather than at New York marks a distinct shifting in matters industrial and social; signs are not wanting that the centre of political gravity is now in the Mississippi Valley. Western methods and styles of journalism have taken possession of Boston and New York. But *where is the literature of the West?* There has been, indeed, some western flora, but the plants are rather sporadic, local and tender. Mr. Howells—a Westerner whose western spirit only in his last work has broken through its coat of Boston varnish—from his observatory in *Harper's Monthly* scours the prairies for literary comets, but reports with regret only an occasional flash-light.

'Perhaps this failure of the West to produce as much literary crop to the acre as the territory about Boston and New York is more closely connected with the failure of the country to produce as yet a distinctively American literature than we think. We may flatter ourselves with the belief that the real life of America germinates in western soil, and its spirit broods over western plains. For the West, then there can be no literature until this germinating life flowers, until this brooding spirit comes to consciousness of itself. The western literature must tarry until the American idea has come to know and to feel itself. The East with its more cramped position, more rigid traditions and more self-conscious attitude can do the partial thing, because it lacks the whole. It can follow English lines and take the British outlook, and thus bring forth what passes as literature until the vast, inchoate, turbid spirit of America shall find her own articulate voice. This view may express only the provincial pride of the woolly West—or there may be something in it. At all events, to come from general speculation to actual business, if there is any of the *Ethos* of the West latent in or about this University, *The Inlander* is here for the purpose of helping it take form. By title and by position of the University, *The Inlander* stands in this middle western country which does not seem as yet to count (either by work or voting in *The Critic*) in the literary world. It desires both to express and to encourage the articulate voicing of that part of the vast dumb Inland to which it belongs. . . .

A Weeping Maple

[Garden and Forest]

TO THE EDITOR OF GARDEN AND FOREST:—

SIR.—Last summer a writer in *The Critic* made some inquiries concerning a peculiar Maple-tree which was standing in a long row of ordinary trees of the same species by the old Hopkinson place, in Bordentown, New Jersey. It was stated that this exception was a particularly large tree standing nearer the house than the others. Within about fifteen feet of it is the stump of a great Weeping Willow which was cut down many years ago. The large Maple seems to have the peculiarities of this Willow—that is, its leaves are more feathery than is usual with Maples, and its branches droop just as the Willow's did, until they almost sweep the ground.

The inquiry was made whether the peculiar form of this Maple was due in any way to its proximity to the Willow. The matter was referred to *Garden and Forest*, but I have seen no response.

TRENTON, N. J.

Q.

[It is not probable that the writer in *The Critic* had any belief in the 'theory of re-incarnation' or that the Willow had any influence in forming the Maple. But Prof. A. C. Appgar, of Trenton, who visited the Bordentown tree not long after the note concerning it had appeared in *The Critic*, asked a resident of the neighborhood for a ladder in order to get a specimen of the 'Weeping Maple,' and he was at once told about the proximity of the Weeping Willow, which, according to the man's notion, completely explained the phenomenon. White Maples not rarely assume a somewhat drooping habit, and this tendency differs very widely in different trees. Professor Appgar writes that between the Hopkinson place and the station, which distance is not more than a length of two or three city blocks, there are three other Maple-trees which show a marked weeping habit. The one in question, however, is

more decidedly pendulous than any specimen which has come under his observation. Some of the twigs, of which sketches were sent to this office, hang in as nearly vertical lines as those of any of the so-called 'weeping' trees. One twig with over thirty-six inches of growth for the current year shows that the Maple is a vigorous one. Specimens of the leaves which were sent differ little from those of ordinary White Maples although they may have been a trifle more deeply cut. In this particular, too, the leaves of this species vary considerably.—ED.]

Mr. Lang on a Lark

APROPOS of the new one-volume edition of Shelley, published by the Macmillans, the following pointed and clever remarks of Mr. Andrew Lang in 'At the Sign of the Ship,' in *Longman's*, are highly interesting. They strike both ways.

If Shelley were unknown, were alive, and were to publish his 'Skylark' to-day, one can well imagine how it would be reviewed:—'Mr. Shelley, for a young poet, is singularly careless both in his rhyme and his reason, if one may call that reason which is a mere tissue of incongruous metaphors. He makes "spirit" rhyme to "near it," and accents the penultimate in "profuse" in his very first stanza. Next, his lark is "like a cloud of fire," a pyrotechnic simile which is justified neither by observation nor by common-sense. A lark is no more like a "cloud of fire" than like a turnip. This extraordinary fowl is next said to "float and run," "in the golden lightning of the setting sun," whatever that may mean. The lark is an early bird, he does not haunt sunset hours, and he does not "run" like a red-legged partridge. Mr. Shelley's lark, which has been a cloud of fire, is next like "a star of heaven in the broad daylight." And why? Because, as Mr. Shelley informs us, "Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy loud delight." He cannot, we presume, hear a star's delight, so the simile is nonsense. He might as well say that a brass band round the corner is like a star of heaven because he can hear it, but cannot see it. Then the lark, which has just been like a star, because Mr. Shelley cannot see it (nor can we), is like the moon, because "the heaven is overflowed" when "night is bare." "What thou art we know not," he observes, and by this time it is no wonder that he has forgotten what a lark is like, even in a lark-pudding. Then comes a string of things, nearly as like a lark as a whale, "a poet hidden in the light of thought"—or in the ink of this most random effusion,—"a high-born maiden," a glow-worm, a rose, and so forth. Mr. Shelley ends by saying that if he knew what a lark knows, "harmonious madness from his lips would flow." He can produce the madness already; it is only the harmony that Mr. Shelley needs to borrow from the bird. "The world should listen *then*," he adds. Perhaps it would listen then. We warn Mr. Shelley that it will not listen at present to this imitation of poetry.'

Current Criticism

BAD BOOKS, BURS AND BLACKBERRIES.—Have you in your pocket, or in your trunk, or in your desk at business a bad book, a bad picture, a bad pamphlet? In God's name I warn you to destroy it. Another way in which we shall fight back this corrupt literature and kill the frogs of Egypt is by rolling over them the Christian printing-press, which shall give plenty of healthful reading to all adults. All these men and women are reading men and women. What are you reading? Abstain from all those books which, while they have some good things about them, have also an admixture of evil. You have read books that had two elements in them—the good and the bad. Which stuck to you? The bad! The heart of most people is like a sieve, which lets the small particles of gold fall through, but keeps the great cinders. Once in a while there is a mind like a loadstone, which, plunged amid steel and brass filings, gathers up the steel and repels the brass. But it is generally just the opposite. If you attempt to plunge through a fence of burrs to get one blackberry, you will get more burrs than blackberries. You cannot afford to read a bad book, however good you are. You say: 'The influence is insignificant.' I tell you that the scratch of a pin has sometimes produced the lockjaw. Alas! if through curiosity, as many do, you pry into an evil book; your curiosity is as dangerous as that of the man who would take a torch into a gunpowder mill, merely to see whether it would really blow up or not. In a menagerie a man put his arm through the bars of a black leopard's cage. The animal's hide looked so sleek and bright and beautiful. He just stroked it once. The monster seized him and he drew forth a hand torn and mangled and bleeding. O, touch not evil even with the faintest stroke! Though it may be glossy and beautiful, touch it not, lest you pull forth your soul torn and bleeding under the clutch of the black leopard.—*Dr. Talmage, in a recent sermon.*

APROPOS OF 'GHOSTS.'—Every student of human nature knows that the portrayal of immorality and crime is quite as likely merely to stimulate a prurient imagination as to inspire disgust and reprobation. No writer understands this truth more thoroughly than Ibsen. His dramas are studies, not of moral wrong, but of the results of moral wrong. When the play begins, the evil has already been done. The unfolding drama pictures what comes afterwards. The reader is not asked to contemplate the sin; he is bidden to witness what the sin involves—to its author, to its author's family, to the world at large. That such portrayal is an offence against propriety we emphatically deny. On the contrary, it is the antidote, if antidote there can be, to the false, frivolous and wicked philosophy of half the current literature which polite society welcomes to its library and boudoir. The philosophy of Ibsen; his manner of thinking; his implied remedies for existing evils; all these are open to criticism or condemnation. In some of his plays, his conclusions are so manifestly unpractical as to provoke the reader's smile. But to term his plays 'lazar-houses' and 'sewers,' because they grapple with hideous social problems, is the mark of either imbecility or hypocrisy. Least of all should it be heard in England, where the successful dramas of the day choose as their theme of amusing incident the very wrongs against whose consequences Ibsen warns us. English comedy smiles at immorality, and endues its heroes with the qualities whose free range makes Ibsen's picture possible. The critics of St. James applaud the poison and cry out against the antidote.—*The Commercial Advertiser.*

Notes

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO. publish to-day 'Felicia,' by Fanny N. D. Murfree; 'Lewis Cass,' by Andrew C. McLaughlin (Vol. XXIV. of American Statesmen); 'Ryle's Open Gate,' by Susan Teackle Moore; 'The Silva of North America,' by Charles Sprague Sargent; 'Whist in Diagrams,' by G. W. P., author of 'American Whist Illustrated'; 'Under a Colonial Roof-Tree,' by Miss Arria S. Huntington; 'American Guide-Books,' by M. F. Sweetser; 'Notes in England and Italy,' by Mrs. Hawthorne, new edition; 'Leisure Hours among the Gems,' by A. C. Hamlin; and 'Mr. Pickwick's Reception,' a new issue (India Proofs) of Mr. Sol Eytinge's design. On May 22 will be ready Mrs. Sutherland Orr's authorized 'Life of Robert Browning.'

—The Associated Press despatches have thought it worth while to send broadcast the startling fact that at the Niagara County Sunday-school Convention in Lockport, N. Y., it was decided that the works of the Rev. E. P. Roe were not fit for Sunday-school circulation. Mrs. Holmes's works were also put under the ban.

—Mr. Douglas Sladen, the Australian poet, sailed for Europe by the Havel lately.

—The most valuable recent gift to the Lenox Library, mentioned in the annual report just issued, was that of the President, Mr. John S. Kennedy; it consisted of a collection of portraits, books, and manuscripts, including some of the original editions of the works of Sir Walter Scott; a letter of John Knox, dated Januaries 13, 1563; the proclamation of Prince Charles Edward for raising troops, dated at Perth Sept. 10, 1745; a passport issued by Oliver Cromwell Sept. 10, 1650; a letter of Queen Elizabeth to Lord Moray, from Windsor this 15 of Januaries, 1575; a letter written by Mary Queen of Scots, signed Stirling, August, 1564; a letter written by Charles I. to James Armstrong in June, 1632, and 155 manuscripts of Robert Burns.

—Macmillan & Co. have in press 'Renascence,' a volume of verse with illustrations by Walter Crane. A new edition of 'Philomathus, an Antidote against Credulity.' Dr. Abbott's discussion of Cardinal Newman's 'Essay on Ecclesiastical Miracles' is also nearly ready.

—D. Appleton & Co. announce a summer series of light reading, in form of small, convenient size, bound in half cloth, with specially designed cover. The first volume of the series is 'Tourmalin's Time Cheques' (just issued), by F. Anstey (Mr. Guthrie), author of 'Vice Versa,' 'The Tinted Venus,' etc. This will be followed by a novelette by the Marquis of Lorne, entitled 'From Shadow to Sunlight.'

—John Banvard, the artist, who died in South Dakota on Saturday of last week, may truly be called a prolific author. He wrote no less than 1700 poems! In addition to his verse he wrote several plays and not a few books and articles, the best known of which were 'A Description of the Mississippi River,' 'Pilgrimage to the Holy Land,' 'Amasis; or, the Last of the Pharaohs,' 'The Private Life of a King,' and 'Tradition of the Temple.' His canvases were of tremendous size, and he was accustomed to exhibit and lecture on them.

—A serial story by George du Maurier entitled 'Peter Ibbetson,' will appear at once in *Harper's Magazine*. It is an autobiography in form and is the artist's first novel. It will, of course, be illustrated by the author. Another interesting announcement of this magazine is of a series of articles on the City of London, by Walter Besant, the first to treat of 'London—After the Romans.' In the June *Harper's* also will appear a drawing by Alfred Parsons of the Anne Hathaway cottage which certain Chicago speculators have seriously proposed to transport to this country.

—T. Y. Crowell & Co. announce 'Famous English Statesmen,' by Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton; 'A Score of Famous Composers,' by Nathan Haskell Dole; and 'Elements of Socialism,' by Prof. R. T. Ely; and they have now ready Vols. IV. and V. of Sybel's 'Founding of the German Empire' by William I.

—D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, have just ready 'Comparative View of the Executive and Legislative Departments of the Government of the United States, France, England and Germany,' by John Wenzel, Assistant Librarian of College of Liberal Arts, Boston University. It consists of outlines of the four great constitutional governments, arranged in parallel columns in such a way that similar topics are grouped together.

—William H. Rideing (who has all his life been familiar with steamship affairs) contributes the third of the Ocean Steamship series to the June *Scribner*, on 'Safety on the Atlantic.'

—Mr. Henry Marquand has recently given to the New York Free Circulating Library \$5000, without conditions. Under the constitution Mr. Marquand's name, by reason of this gift, will be placed on the list of 'founders' of the library. The four libraries which are under management of the association are in good condition. The circulation last year was 402,701.

—An attempt at summer novelty by the New York *Herald* is announced. That journal will have a series of summer letters by American women writers, each contributor describing the place and manner of her summer outing. The list of writers consists of Octave Thanet, Edna Dean Proctor, Anna Katharine Green, Susan Hale, Marion Harland, Rose Terry Cooke, Emma V. Sheridan, Jeannette L. Gilder, Elaine Goodale, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Julia Dorr, Kate Field, Mary Hartwell Catherwood, Olive Thorne, Amanda M. Douglas.

—The Cassells will publish in London, next month, 'Possible Cases,' consisting of twelve short narratives 'in which singular improbability is accompanied by bare possibility.' The contributors are Frank R. Stockton, Sidney Lusk, Maurice Thompson, Franklin Fyles, Edgar Fawcett, Kirk Munroe, Anna Katharine Green, Ingersoll Lockwood, Joaquin Miller, Nym Crinkle, Prof. Brainard G. Smith and Walter Besant.

—*Book News* for May is a 'University Extension Number,' containing a series of articles on University Extension in England and the United States, by Prof. Richard G. Moulton of Cambridge University, England, and well-known advocates of the cause in this country.

—Dr. John P. Peters, the director of the exploration conducted at Niffer, in Babylonia, is now in Constantinople, conducting the negotiations with the Ottoman Imperial Museum connected with the excavations already made. Pending the result of these negotiations, the University and the Babylonian Exploration Fund has decided to throw open to scholars the collections already obtained, which are already the largest and most important in the country.

—The Rev. Dr. Francis N. Zabriskie, who died on May 14 at Princeton, N. J., was not only a constant contributor to the Presbyterian and other religious periodicals, but wrote several books, among them 'Story of a Love,' 'Golden Fruit from Bible Trees,' and 'Precious Stones.' Last year he wrote for Funk & Wagnalls a Life of Horace Greeley.

—Last week's *Independent* contained poems by William Sharp, Bliss Carman, the late Philip Bourke Marston (one of whose sonnets appeared on the same day in *The Christian Union*), Clinton Scollard and Frances E. Townsley. Fresh facts and anecdotes about Byron are contributed by Henry Hayman.

—The best portrait of Thoreau, the poet-naturalist, is not, the Boston *Advertiser* thinks, the weak crayon head made by Rowse in 1854, and engraved soon after Thoreau's death, nor the full bearded face engraved from an ambrotype taken in New Bedford in 1861; but an ambrotype, or something of the kind, taken for Mr. Blake, of Worcester, about 1856, and never yet satisfactorily engraved. It represents Thoreau in full health and strength, just as he might be seen emerging from the pine forest of Maine, or a flowering swamp in Concord—his hair copious and tossed about, his face full and a little rustic, with all its indications of deep thought, and with a thin fringe of beard on his throat, which he wore not for ornament, but to protect his throat.

—Among the important books sold at the auction of the library of Henry R. Mitchell last week with the prices obtained were:—Jesse's works, in twenty-three volumes, \$189.75; Mante's 'History of the Late War in North America and the Islands of the West Indies,' \$50; Frank Moore's 'Diary of the American Revolution,' 1865, some autograph letters and 288 engravings inserted, \$210; Penhallow's 'History of the Wars of New England,' 1726, \$35.

—Wagner lovers should read an article on 'Wagner and Tannhauser in Paris, 1861,' by Edward H. House in the *New England Magazine* for June. Mr. House was personally acquainted with the great composer during that troublous year, and tells the story of the disgraceful conspiracy to hoot 'Tannhauser' down.

—D. Lothrop & Co. announce a selection of Wordsworth's poems made by Mrs. Cynthia M. St. John, to be called 'Wordsworth for the Young'; 'Prime Movers of the Revolution,' by the Rev. A. B. Muzzey; 'Stories of the Land of Evangeline,' by Grace D. McLeod, and 'Christ Himself,' by the Rev. Dr. Alexander McKenzie.

The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

1615.—Who publishes the best edition of Edmund Spenser?

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

W. P. A.

[Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have the Globe Edition at \$4.50.]

1616.—In what play of Bulwer's occurs the line, 'By what law fell King Charles?' and what is the context?

SOMERVILLE, N. J.

A. F. D.

1617.—1. I should like to know the author and subject of the often-quoted line 'Who saw life steadily and saw it whole.' 2. Can the aspiring 'general reader' procure Swinburne's 'Heptalogia,' mentioned in *The Critic's* review of Rudyard Kipling's verses on Dec 20? Or were the 'sugared'—or more properly spiced—parodies only 'among his private friends'?

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. L. T.

[1. Unless we much mistake, the line is Matthew Arnold's, and refers to Goethe. 2. 'The Heptalogia; or, The Seven Against Sense,' being seven 'specimens of modern poets,' supposed to have been written by Mr. Swinburne, was published by Chatto & Windus in 1880. We do not know whether it is still in print or not.]

1618.—Did Mr. Howells publish about 1869 a novel called 'No Love Lost,' and did he ever write a 'Life of Rutherford B. Hayes,' a campaign volume? I should like to know also whether a speech can be found, believed to have been delivered by Charles Sumner, in the Senate, against sending a Minister to represent the United States at Rome while it was still under the temporal dominion of the Pope. It is not in his published works. It may be possible that what I am looking for is part of a speech on some other subject.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

H. H. B. M.

Publications Received

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

Anstey, F. Tourmalin's Time Cheques.	50c.	D. Appleton & Co.
Baldwin, M. R. Along the Anataw.	90c.	Hunt & Eaton.
Bartley, D. Mercy Deering.	50c.	J. B. Alden.
Bernhard, M. The Rector of St. Luke's.	50c.	Worthington Co.
Borrowings.	75c.	San Francisco: W. Doney.
Cone, O. Gospel Criticism and Historical Christianity.	\$1.75.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Duchess, The. A Little Irish Girl.	50c.	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Edson, C. La Grippe and Its Treatment.	25c.	D. Appleton & Co.
Epistles to the Thessalonians. Ed. by G. G. Findlay.	50c.	London: C. J. Clay & Sons.
Forrest, R. E. Eight Days.	50c.	U. S. Book Co.
Gray, M. In the Heart of the Storm.	50c.	U. S. Book Co.
Haggard, H. R. Eric Brighteyes.	50c.	U. S. Book Co.
Harben, W. N. Almost Persuaded.	50c.	Minerva Pub. Co.
Hensoldt, H. The Limits of Scientific Inquiry.	50c.	Phila. Franklin Inst.
Hodgkin, V. Pilgrims in Palestine.	\$1.50.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Linderfelt, K. A. Eclectic Card Catalog Rules.	50c.	Boston: C. A. Cutter.
MacDonald, G. There and Back.	\$1.50.	Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
Nichols, H. Psychology of Time.	\$1.50.	H. Holt & Co.
Postal Savings Banks. By the Postmaster-General.		Washington: Government Printing Office.
Preston, H. W. Documents Illustrative of American History.	\$1.50.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Richardson, C. F. American Literature (Popular Edition).	\$3.50.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Rita, The Laird o' Cockpen.	50c.	U. S. Book Co.
Sales, P. A Fair American.	50c.	Rand, McNally & Co.
Stevenson, E. I. Left to Themselves.	\$1.	Hunt & Eaton.
Theuriet, A. A Woodland Queen.	50c.	Chicago: C. H. Sergel & Co.
Weir, R., and others. Riding. Polo.	50c.	Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Wentworth, G. A. Higher Algebra.	\$1.55.	Ginn & Co.

NEW ENGLAND BUREAU OF EDUCATION.

ESPECIALLY TO TEACHERS SEEKING POSITIONS.

IF any reader of THE CRITIC should engage to teach, five days in a week, and forty weeks in a year, at *fifty dollars per day*, she would have to teach *an hundred years* to earn the aggregate of salaries which have been secured to its members by the NEW EDUCATION, during the present manager. These have been placed by us in positions in every State and Territory, and abroad. *Now is the time to register for autumn vacancies.* No charge to school officers for services rendered. Forms and Circulars sent free. Address

HIRAM ORCUTT, MANAGER,

3 Somerset Street, - - - Boston.



Indigestion

Horsford's Acid Phosphate,

A most excellent and agreeable tonic and appetizer. It nourishes and invigorates the tired brain and body, imparts renewed energy and vitality, and enlivens the functions.

Dr. H. K. CLARKE, Geneva, N. Y., says:

"It has proved of great value for its tonic and revivifying influence."

Dr. J. H. STEDMAN, West Brattleboro, Vt., says:

"Best nerve tonic I ever used."

Descriptive pamphlet free.

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitation.



HIRES
ROOT BEER
THE GREAT HEAD DRINK.
Package makes 6 gallons.
Delicious, sparkling, and
appetizing. Sold by all
dealers. FREE a beautiful
Picture Book and cards
sent to any one addressing
C. E. HIRES & CO.
Philadelphia.

AN ARITHMETICAL
EXAMPLE SOLVED.

ENGLAND BUREAU OF
administration of its
thousands of teachers
in positions in every

A Remington Standard Typewriter



will
economize time
reduce labor,
preserve health
save money,
prevent errors.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict,

327 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa



from which the excess of oil
has been removed,
Is absolutely pure and
it is soluble.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wedding Gifts.

Beautifully painted Table Porcelain and

Glass, Clocks, Bronze and

Marble Statuary, etc.

Ovington Brothers,

Above } 330 } Near
32d. } FIFTH AVENUE. } 33d.

BROOKLYN HOUSE, Fulton and Clark Sts.

Best Art at Smallest Outlay.

Signed artists' proofs of the best Etchings costing with tasteful frame from \$10 to \$80. FREDERICK KEPPEL & Co., of Paris and 20 East 16th Street, New York, have just issued their illustrated descriptive Catalogue (No. 8). It will be mailed on receipt of 10 cents in postage stamps. Also high-class water colors. Visitors are always welcome to call and examine these pictures.

How to Clothe the Children.

BEST & CO



It is our exclusive business to fit our Boys, Girls and Babies with everything from Hats to Shoes, and we are prepared to do it in the best manner at the least cost.

We include Youths' and Misses' sizes up to 18 years

To have your children clothed in the latest New York styles at the least cost, write to us for Catalogues and Samples.

60 & 62 W. 23D ST., N. Y.

MEMORIAL + TABLETS

of any description erected in Schools, Colleges, Libraries, Chapels, Churches and Public Buildings. Send for illustrated hand-book.

J. & R. LAMB, 59 Carmine St., N. Y.



Caligraph

LIFE SHORT WRITE LONG WAY
Address: The American Writing
Machine Co., Hartford, Conn.,
New York Office, 237 Broadway.



BANK & OFFICE

FITTINGS.

Fine Brass Work.

SPECIAL DESIGNSON

APPLICATION.

A. H. Andrews & Co.

195 Wabash Av.,

Chicago.

Andrews Mfg Co.

76 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.

IMPAIRED VITALITY

Crosby's Vitalized Phosphites,

PREPARED ACCORDING TO PROF. PERCY'S FORMULA,

Is the original, and only preparation of the Hypophosphites from animal and vegetable tissue, acknowledged by scientists the most powerful restorer of the vital forces.

Especially recommended for Brain Exhaustion, Nervous Prostration, Impaired Vitality, in Convalescence, Bronchitis, and as a preventive of Consumption.

It sustains in vigor, mental and physical powers, prevents Nervous Disease.

Pamphlet with testimonials from leading physicians, free. For Sale, by Druggists. Sent by mail, \$1.00.

None Genuine without the signature F. Crosby Co. printed on the label.

F. Crosby Co.

56 WEST 25TH ST., N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Sauveur Summer College of Languages,

BURLINGTON, VT.

SIXTEENTH SESSION: July 7 to August 17.

For board and rooms address Miss H. L. Burritt, Burlington, Vt.

PETITES CAUSERIES. NEW EDITION just out. **CAUSERIES AVEC MES ELEVES.** NEW EDITION now in press. Exercises with translations from English into French have been added to both books; also a complete conjugation of French Verbs. A copy of the pamphlets containing these exercises and the keys to the same, also the Catalogues of the Summer School, will be sent free to applicants by

Dr. L. SAUVEUR,

6 Copley Terrace, Roxbury, Boston, Mass.

TO AUTHORS.—The skilled criticism and revision of MSS of all kinds is the specialty of the N. Y. BUREAU OF REVISION. Advice as to publication; books seen through the press; direction of literary studies. Dr. TITUS MUNSON COAN, 20 W. 14th St., N.Y.

BOSTON, U. S. A.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

AMERICAN PLAN,

Opposite Trinity (Phillips Brooks) Church

THE VICTORIA,

EUROPEAN PLAN,

Opposite New Old South and Art Club,
BARNES & DUNKLEE, - PROPRIETORS.

ST. DENIS HOTEL.

EUROPEAN PLAN.

BROADWAY AND 11TH ST., OP. GRACE CHURCH, N. Y.

Enlarged by a new and handsome addition with all the latest improvements. Refitted and redecored. In connection with the Hotel is

Taylor's Restaurant and Cafe

To which has been added a large and new Dining-Room—one of the handsomest in the City. Especially adapted for luncheon and dinner parties. Within ten minutes of every place of amusement.

WILLIAM TAYLOR.

Cavanagh, Sandford & Co.,

Merchant

Tailors and Importers,

16 West 23d Street,

Opposite Fifth Avenue Hotel, N. Y.

All the latest London fabrics regularly imported. Ladies Cloth Suits, Top Coats, Riding Habits, etc.

DICTATION LITERARY

at Office or Residence.

TECHNICAL

BRONN & BRONN,

Stenographers, JUDGE BUILDING, 120 Fifth Ave.

AUTOGRAPHS.

Autograph Collectors

SHOULD SUBSCRIBE TO

THE COLLECTOR,

A monthly bulletin published in their interest. One Dollar a year.

Send for sample copy.

WALTER R. BENJAMIN,

28 WEST 23RD STREET,

NEW YORK CITY.

OLD AND RARE BOOKS.

WILLIAM DOXEY,

IMPORTER OF RARE, CURIOUS AND STANDARD BOOKS.

BEST EDITIONS IN FINE BINDINGS A SPECIALTY.

Send for Catalogue.

631 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO,

Under Palace Hotel.

STANDARD BOOKS IN FINE BINDINGS
MY SPECIALTY.

HENRY MILLER,

BOOKSELLER AND IMPORTER,

65 NASSAU STREET,

Bet. John and Maiden Lane, NEW YORK.

CLEOPATRA. A study, from HENRY HOUSSEY. One vol., 16mo, \$1.00.

DUPRAT & CO., 349 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

STANDARD AND RARE BOOKS.

Orders for new or old books promptly attended to. Books purchased for cash. Catalogues issued.

E. W. JOHNSON, 1336 Broadway, N. Y.

Catalogue 72 ready. A. S. CLARK, Bookseller, 34 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

IF you want back numbers of any Magazine or Review, write to H. WILLIAMS, 125 WEST 10TH STREET, N. Y. ST. NICHOLAS a specialty.

NOW READY: Volume First. INDEX to LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. Specimen sheets mailed to any address. EDWARD ROTH, 1135 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

Frederick Koehler,

GENTS FASHIONABLE CUSTOM BOOTS & SHOES,

No. 10 ASTOR PLACE,

6th door from Broadway, New York.

EDUCATIONAL.

OHIO.

Ohio, Painesville.

LAKE ERIE SEMINARY. Course of study liberal and thorough. Excellent advantages in Natural Sciences, Music and Art. Miss MARY EVANS, Principal.

Ohio, Columbus, 151 East Broad St.

MISS PHELPS' ENGLISH AND CLASSICAL SCHOOL for Young Ladies, 151 E. Broad St., Columbus, O. Special advantages in Language, literature, Music, Art, Home and Social Culture. Fall term begins Sept. 25th, 1890. New School Building.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Pennsylvania, Lititz.

LINDEN HALL SEMINARY.—A School for Girls and Young Ladies, at Lititz, Lancaster Co., Pa. 97th year. A safe, comfortable school home; thorough methods; careful oversight of the individual pupil; advanced Courses of Study; very pleasant location; steam heated; \$350 per year.

Pennsylvania, Chambersburg.

WILSON COLLEGE FOR YOUNG WOMEN. Fifty miles southwest of Harrisburg in famous Cumberland Valley. From Baltimore four hours. Philadelphia five, New York seven, Pittsburgh nine. Six trains daily. Border climate, avoiding bleak north. \$350 per year for board, room, etc., and all College Studies except Music and Art. Large Music College and Art School. Music Department, this year, 144, independent of free classes. Full Faculty. College Course B.A. degree. Music College B.M. Handsome park, large buildings, steam heat, gymnasium, observatory, laboratory, etc. Annex No. 2 finished Sept. 1, 1889, with 40 new rooms.

Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, 4313 and 4315 Walnut St.

THOROUGH FRENCH AND ENGLISH HOME SCHOOL FOR TWENTY GIRLS. Under the charge of Mme. Henrietta Clerc and Miss Marion L. Pecke. French warranted to be spoken in two years. Terms, \$300 a year. Address Mme. H. CLERC.

Pennsylvania, Williamsport.

HOMER SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Seventh year. Terms \$400. Re-opens Sept. 17th. Address Miss MARIE HOLMES BISHOP for catalogue.

PIERCE CHRISTIAN COLLEGE,

COLLEGE CITY, CALIFORNIA.

A First-Class School for Ladies and Gentlemen. Able Faculty; Temperance Town; Pleasant Climate, Healthy Location; Reasonable Terms; Several Courses and Degrees. Address, J. C. KEITH, Pres.

Massachusetts, Amherst.

SUMMER SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES. Art, Science, Literature, Physical Training, and Library Economy. Fifteenth Session at AMHERST COLLEGE, July 7, to August 10, 1891. Special Advantages. For programme, Address Prof. W. L. MONTAGUE.

New Jersey, New Brunswick, 66 Bayard St.

THE MISSES ANABLE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN. One hour from New York. Resident Native French and German teachers. Terms \$500.

Connecticut, Simsbury.

MAC LEAN SEMINARY. YOUNG LADIES. Location accessible, attractive, healthful. College preparatory, and special courses. Address, Rev. J. B. MACLEAN.

Massachusetts, Worcester.

JOHN W. DALZELL'S PRIVATE HOME SCHOOL for Boys, 66 West St.—Prepares for Harvard, etc. Send for Catalogue.

ST. HILDA'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY. Twelfth year begins Sept. 25th. Terms, \$250. Thorough instruction. Careful training. Summer Session, \$50. Address for circulars, SISTER SUPERIOR.

KINDERGARTEN.—Engagement for next school year desired by teacher capable of conducting German or English Kindergarten. Best of references from my present Board of Directors. Address Principal, 443 Franklin Street, Detroit, Mich.

10,000 SUBSCRIBERS WANTED FOR "L'ETUDE." A monthly paper of eight pages, to enable any one to read, write, translate and speak French in a short time. ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. MME. H. V. F. CLERC, 4315 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.